



## We Believe

that anticipation is one of the real joys of life. We enjoy, with a brand new pleasure each month, the planning of each new issue as it comes along. You will find a like pleasure in knowing what "treasure" we have in store for you in the months ahead. So from now on we are going to tell you of our plans in advance. Just consider this page in the future, a nice large expensive bill-board leased by us to announce coming attractions. And if you do not like the picture we paint with imagination's own colors on our "pretend" bill-board won't you write to us, as we in our friendliness are writing to you, and tell us just what kind of news of The Theatre you would like us to print.

## Our New Series of Autobiographies

We promised to announce, two months in advance of publication, the first of our autobiographical sketches.

So first in order will be Billie Burke, the popular American actress who made her first successes abroad.

Any autobiography is more interesting than fiction because it is real and Billie Burke's autobiography is more interesting than the average because with brain and enthusiasm, helped out not a little by the charm and winsomeness that is so much and so vital a part of Billie Burke's popularity—she has won her way to success, and an enviable place in the affections of the theatregoing public.

And so—we will present her life story in the September number—with all the upward steps that according to Billie Burke, placed her on her present remunerative throne.

## The August Cover

Came dancing into our offices one day a person—all girl—all charm—all joy—the joy that belongs to youth, and particularly to successful youth.

Miss Phoebe Foster—a particularly delightful girl and particularly "easy on the eyes." She fairly bubbled over with joy when the Publisher suggested that one of her very lovely pictures grace the cover of the August THEATRE.

She had real cause for "bubbling" because the picture we are using is exquisite and it will mean still more conquests for Miss Foster. For us it will mean a beautiful cover and for you a treat as Miss Foster's is the type of beauty that lends itself deliciously to color.

Miss Foster jumped into popular favor as the heroine in "The Cinderella Man."

## What is our attitude?

On a recent trip out West, during which I came in contact with a great number of influential people—business men, professional men, educators, actors, theatre managers—one question above all others came up repeatedly, and so frequently that it gave me food for serious thought. This question was: Where do you stand on the moving picture question? What do you think of it as a phase of public amusement? Do you consider it a serious menace to the legitimate stage? In short, what is your attitude towards it?

## It is up to you

Let me say at once that we are bitterly opposed to the cheaper grade of moving pictures—the lurid, crude, degrading film depicting marital infidelity, sexual passion, vice and crime. I was amazed when visiting cities out West to see how many such pictures were being shown and how audiences, composed of apparently respectable citizens, mothers and fathers accompanied by sons and daughters of tender age, could sit and watch such pictures without feeling a sense of self degradation. For, make no mistake about it—the responsibility is yours. It is up to you—the public. If you continue to patronize this vicious, degrading kind of picture, you are as much to blame if your sons' and daughters' morals are undermined, as are the manufacturers of these disgusting films. If the country is crying for censorship of the films, those film makers who do not observe the common decencies alone are to blame. Gov. Whitman vetoed the bill providing for such censorship. We think that was an executive blunder.

## The decent picture

Yes—I confess I like the moving picture—the decent pictures—the pictures that are worth while. I was fascinated with "Quo Vadis," with "Cabiria," with "The Birth of a Nation." I like the pictures that show the workings of the steel and other great industries. I like those that show travel in foreign countries. Such pictures are artistic and elevating, and educational. They are bound to stay.

## Why pay \$2.00?

The moving picture is a huge success at present, firstly because it is cheap, secondly because it is still more or less of a novelty, thirdly because the great amusement loving public scattered throughout the land have learned to look askance at some of the so-called Broadway attractions that they are asked to pay \$2.00 for, and I have heard some managers complain of lack of patronage—Of course there's a reason—and it was found in the answer of the playgoers—"Why should we pay \$2.00 to see a play or light opera, produced in New York with real stars, a complete chorus and orchestra—when they come to our City, minus the stars, with an indifferent orchestra and the chorus reduced to one half? We have been fooled too long." I leave the answer to the managers, themselves—

## Prefer the Movies

Rather than pay \$2.00 for a poor show, the theatregoer prefers to patronize the "movies" where he can see the same actors for fifteen cents. If, tired of the screen, and they want to see acting in the flesh, they prefer to patronize their local stock companies, the work of some of which, I assure you, compares more than favorably with the best New York has to offer.

## The Stock Company

That is what will bring the spoken drama into its own again—the degradation and gradual decadence of the moving picture and the growing excellence of the stock company. And while, on the subject, let me tell you about a company of players I had the pleasure to see in "A Pair of Sixes" in Akron. They would have done justice to a Broadway production. The artists worked together, giving a conscientious finished performance, showing careful rehearsing. I believe that the future of the American stage is in the hands of the stock company out of town—to whose lot falls not only the interpretation of the masterpieces of the drama, but light comedy as well.

*Paul Meyer*  
Publisher.

## After July First

The Theatre Magazine offices will be moved to 6 East 39th Street, New York

## In The August Theatre

## When The Judges Were Judged

By Alfred Grunberg

Tired of being "roasted" the players put the critics on the stage and unmercifully "guy" them as they themselves attempt to do the very things they criticized.

## The Renaissance of True Comic Opera

By Lew Fields

Musical farce comedy depending upon slapstick fun, pretty girls and ragtime has had its day and tuneful operettas employing trained singers are bound to take their place.

## The Coming Yale Pageant

A forecast of the great medieval celebration in America's largest open air auditorium.

## Stage Beauty In Breeches

By Perriton Maxwell

Some of the Broadway favorites who have scored hits in male attire illustrated with unique pictures.

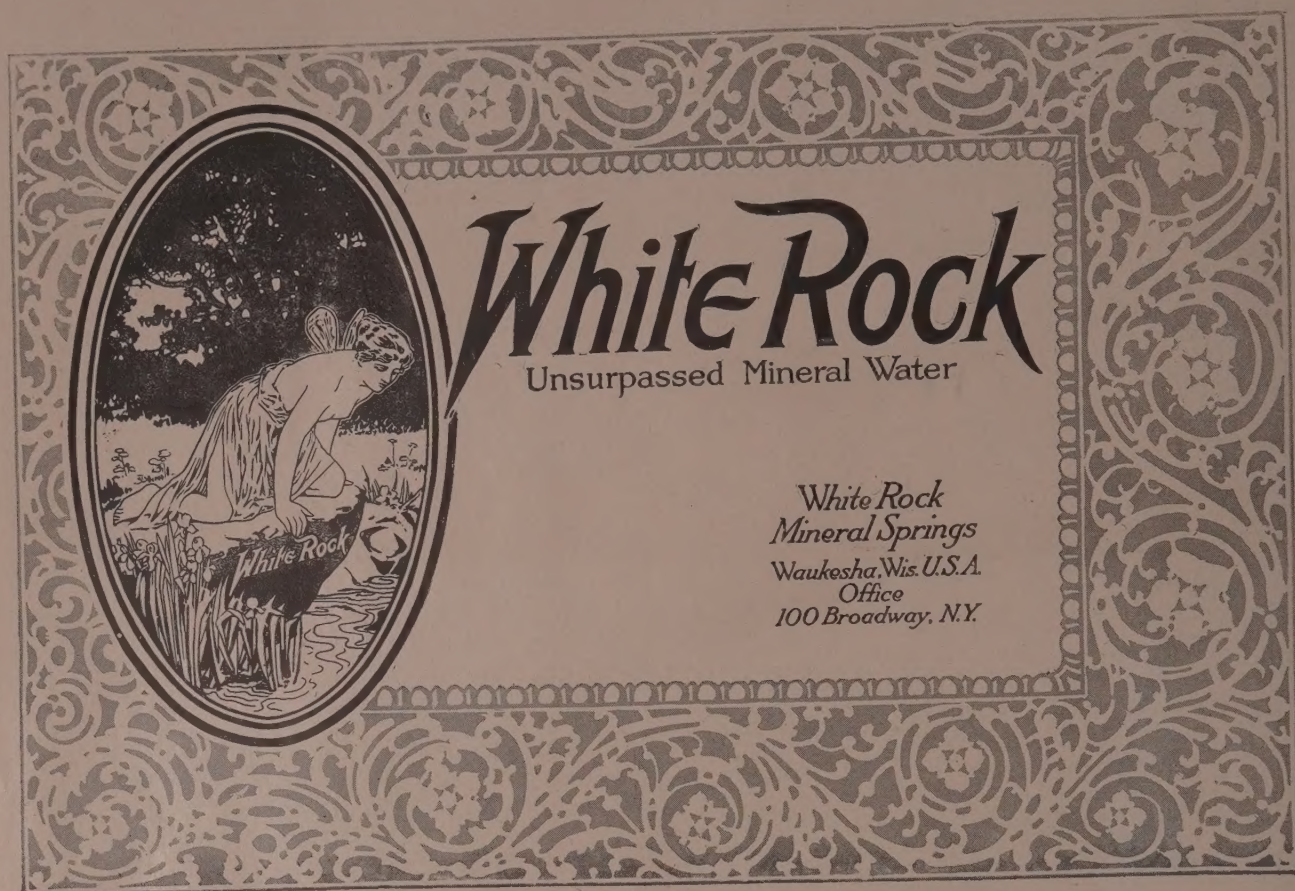
## Other Points Of Interest

Alan Dale in "Should the Theatre Give Itself Away" deals with the subject of how frankness is apt to kill the theatrical business, with more than frankness on his own part. Amusing? Oh, decidedly, and bound 'round with barbed wire as usual.

And then there is Charlton Andrews' article on "Solving the Happy Ending Problem" and "Some Unwritten Stage History" by Milton Nobles and a full-page of pictures of the always popular Frances Starr in her summer camp "El-ke-ma-be" near Lake George.

There are many other subjects in the August Number too numerous to mention in limited space, that nevertheless are worthy of mention—we commend them all to our readers.





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## THE ILLS OF THE THEATRE

THE intelligent people who occasionally sit in front of the curtain have fallen into the habit of berating pretty constantly those of us who work behind that curtain. They say that the stage is degenerating—at least, that it is not on the whole keeping up with them intellectually. And their private grumblings have been taken up by college professors and amateur critics and drama leaguers and stage societyites, and all sorts, who raise their voices to cry out that it is all our fault. I've sometimes been surprised that we

behind the curtain have managed to deep so silent under the chorus of attacks. Perhaps it is because trained to regard ourselves in the old stage phrase as "the public's humble and obedient servants," we don't think it mannerly to answer our masters that we think the fault not ours but theirs. If we reflect a little I think we should not make that answer. It's not true—or at best only half the truth.

Marceau  
WINTHROP AMES

But the accusation is also only half the truth. Any broad statement that the drama has in our day gone backward is obviously too sweeping. What chance would Mr. Thomas' subtler plays or those of Shaw or Galsworthy or Barrie in his more fantastic vein have had with the playgoers of our fathers' generation—playgoers who considered "The Lady of Lyons" a masterpiece! Have you ever looked over a list of the pieces given at Wallack's Theatre in the days of its prime—a playhouse that all good New Yorkers were brought up to revere as a very shrine of drama? I wish you would, and if their titles don't convince you of their quality, just read a few of them. You can find them in dusty yellow covers at the Public Library. The moving picture people have found them.

I BELIEVE that more good plays are produced now, and that on the whole they are as competently acted, as they ever have been. And yet those of us behind the curtain are the first to acknowledge that something seems very wrong with our stage, and that intelligent people have every right to grumble. I think we shall diag-

*Our June issue went to press too early to include the remarkable address of Mr. Winthrop Ames, at the recent dinner tendered to E. H. Southern and Julia Marlowe at the Hotel Astor. It strikes a note which is absolutely in harmony with our ideas, and it is with pleasure that we give to Mr. Ames' speech the space it deserves. As former director of the New Theatre, and present director of the Little Theatre, Mr. Ames has done some splendid work, and we are happy to hear that next season he will again be actively engaged as a producing manager.*

By WINTHROP AMES

nose the trouble more accurately if we say that the average isn't as high as it ought to be. That the good plays are so submerged and overwhelmed by a flood of inferior rubbish that they seem to have got lost in the shuffle altogether and so given the stage a general air of retrogression. A constant diet of ten trashy plays to one good one is what has disgruntled and alienated so many of our more intelligent theatregoers.

WELL, who is to blame, we behind the curtain or you in front of it? Neither, I think. Evils spring sometimes from beneficent sources—as floods from rain, and droughts from sunshine. I believe that the average quality of stage plays has declined in America during the last twenty years for these surprising reasons: First, that America is a democracy; second, that we have free public schools; third, that these twenty years have brought us unexampled material prosperity; and fourth because of the labor unions and their influence.

I'm not aiming at a paradox. Democratic America has stood for the right of the lowest citizen to better his social position, and he has taken full advantage of this opportunity; our schools have made a certain level of education not only free but compulsory; the national wealth has increased by leaps and bounds; and various social forces, chief among them the labor unions, have been sifting this wealth down through all classes of society. The result has been that in the last twenty years those in America who would be called peasants abroad have advanced a stride in the social scale, and this

pressure from below has correspondingly increased the lower middle class; and in its turn this has resulted in not only doubling, it is hardly wide of the mark to say it has quintupled our theatre-goers. A whole new section of the public has got sufficient mental advancement and spending money to become patrons of the drama. Slowly at first, then more rapidly, and finally in a flood, the newly sprung playgoers announced their advent. Theatres upon theatres were built, not in New York only, but all over the country—and still they seemed too few.

THE celebrated theatrical "trust," which had hitherto pretty much controlled things, could no longer keep its dams in order. All the old traditional rules of the game went by the board. And still the tide of the new audience continued to rise. Plays had to be found to feel them—and plays were found; but from the quality of the dramatic fare they obviously relished and demanded we gauged the quality of the new patrons. And we found, to our regret and yours, that it was not the intellectual public that had quintupled—it was the less intelligent. They were innocent of dramatic standards and of culture. To them a play was just a "show." They cared nothing for such things as character, delineation or psychological analysis, or subtleties of dialogue—in short for the things that make drama literature. They wanted a good "show"—and their definition meant merely a simple rapid, exciting story, told in terms of action. The more intelligent public had increased, too, of course, but in comparison its increase was so small as to be negligible; and the so-called advanced drama began to lead a hole-and-corner existence. In a word what happened was a grand general watering of the intellectual stock.

Now, alas! If you want an intellectually aristocratic drama you must have an intellectually aristocratic audience. The thing is as sure as sunrise. Russia has the most advanced stage today, and in proportion to its population Russia has the fewest theatres, and audiences almost exclusively drawn from the upper classes. Do you suppose that the man who drives you in a drosky to the Art Theatre in Moscow ever dreams of going inside. He'd as soon expect an invitation to the Czar's garden (Continued on page 41)





White

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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BELASCO. "THE BOOMERANG." Amusing comedy, cleverly acted by Martha Hedman, Wallace Eddinger and other favorites.

CANDLER. "JUSTICE." John Galsworthy's notable play of prison life admirably acted and staged.

CASINO. "VERY GOOD EDDIE." Highly successful musical piece founded on the farce "Over Night." Well produced.

COMEDY. WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS in four of the one-act plays that achieved success at the Bandbox Theatre.

CORT. "MOLLY O'." A new operetta, presented by John Cort.

CRITERION. "CIVILIZATION." Stupendous and thrilling motion picture.

DANSE DE FOLLIES. ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC." Beautiful girls, striking costumes, and elaborate scenery in this new frolic which is a delight to the eye.

ELTINGE. "FAIR AND WARMER." Farce, full of wit and humor. Highly amusing.



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### THE COVER:

Portrait in Colors of Miss Mary Pickford

"Little Mary," as all the world affectionately calls Mary Pickford, was born in Toronto, twenty-three years ago. She appeared on the stage when a mere child of five, as a member of a Toronto Stock Co., which she later left to join Chauncey Olcott's road company. She attracted the attention of David Belasco who engaged her for his production, "The Warrens of Virginia," and who at a later date featured her in "A Good Little Devil." Her captivating interpretation of the blind girl in this stage production won the attention of the Famous Players Film Co., with the result that she was starred in the motion picture adaptation of this stage success, by the Famous Players, under whose management she has appeared continuously for the past three years. In future Miss Pickford will be seen in six film productions a year. They will be written specially for her and will be released independent of any program.

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character, with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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# THE THEATRE

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JULY, 1916

No 185

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White

C. HOOPER TRASK AND HELEN WESTLEY IN "PIERRE PATELIN" PRESENTED BY THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS  
AT THE COMEDY THEATRE





# Heard Here and There



## To be Seen and Not Heard

Chatting with Marc Klaw in his dressing room one night during his engagement at the New Amsterdam, Sir Herbert Tree was dilating upon the educational value of each day's events. "One should learn something from every fact in life," he said. "Joy, sorrow, the annoying loquacity of one's barber, the fiendish misfits perpetrated by one's tailor, the routine of rehearsals, the wicked manager, the gracious critic, all should be regarded as factors in the ultimate education of an actor." "And what about the movie, as a means of education?" asked Mr. Klaw. "Ah, the movie isn't a means, it is the chief and final end," declared Sir Herbert, "for it teaches the cosmic and ultimate truth that actors should be seen and not heard."

\* \* \*

## Joy in the Lobster Palaces

Judge Crain of the Court of General Sessions in New York has brought joy to the heart of the lobster palace impresarios. With one stroke of his judicial pen he over-ruled Magistrate Appleton's recent decision that the elaborate cabaret performances offered by the large Broadway night restaurants were, in truth, theatrical performances and taxable as such. Maxim's appealed from this judgment, with the result noted above. Judge Crain declared that nothing shown gratis is a theatrical performance in the sense of the statute. The price of provender in the gay hostelrys along the Great White Way might have acquitted them anytime of the suspicion of giving away anything for nothing, but there you are—

\* \* \*

## Hamlet's Chair

This is the day of realism and historic accuracy in the theatre. Nevertheless, in that benighted age when Edwin Booth thrilled the playgoers of his native land with his matchless impersonation of Hamlet, he used one accessory that would have satisfied even David Belasco's love of the genuine article—the chair occupied by the Melancholy Dane. It is now the property of Mrs. Louis Bennett and was lent by her to the St. Nicholas Avenue branch of the Public Library as part of its Shakespearean exhibit. The seat is covered with well-worn cowhide in its natural state, and the entire chair looks as if fashioned by the rude implements of Hamlet's time. Seated in this authentic piece of furniture, Booth gave Hamlet's advice to the players, portions of the "To be or not to be" soliloquy and other masterly readings of Shakespeare's greatest work.

\* \* \*

## Still More Theatres

Managers are all the time crying out against the fierce competition that the constantly growing list of metropolitan playhouses engenders. Persons with money, however, never seem to hesitate about investing it in building more theatres. In one day last month plans were filed for the erection of four new ones. Two undoubtedly will be given over to the moving picture industry, but the Shuberts have decided to exercise an option they have long held

and build a new home for the legitimate adjoining the Astor on 45th Street. The Cort in 48th Street will also have an adjacent neighbor in the Adelphia, the direction of which will be controlled by Messrs. Hackett, Tynan and Tyler. Owners of theatres make the money, or at least get a handsome return on the money invested. The rent exacted is always high and is generally a first charge. If one lessee goes broke, there is always another with a bank roll to take his place. In the schedules of theatrical bankrupts the owner of the playhouse hardly if ever figures as a creditor.

\* \* \*

## Happy Though a Manager

Lew Fields has discovered how to be happy though a manager. The formula is simple: "Never allow yourself to be surprised by anything an actress, especially a singing comedienne, may do. That's the greatest shock absorber in the world." "Remember Blanche Ring," cautioned Lee Shubert, holding up a warning finger. Mr. Fields laughed. "Miss Ring did hand me a fainting fit once," he said. "It was on her first tour of the South under my management. I had arranged, in view of the discomforts of Southern railways and hotels, to send her over the route in a private car. When I told her of this intention, she asked suspiciously: 'Who pays for it?' 'The management,' I replied. 'And what will it cost you?' she inquired. 'About ninety dollars a day,' I said. 'Well, then, a regular seat in a regular Pullman at two dollars per is good enough for little Blanche,' she cried. 'I don't want to put you to all that expense for—'" But her words fell upon deaf ears. By that time Mr. Fields had lost consciousness.

\* \* \*

## Imported Musical Comedy

Not that we need worry about the Stars and Stripes being banished from our theatres; but merely as a chance happening of the season, it may be noted that few of the musical comedy successes of the year have been of American origin. Apart from Victor Herbert's "Princess Pat" and Jerome Kern's "Very Good Eddie," the light opera composers comprise Germans, Austrians and Hungarians. There is nothing neutral about this list: "Alone at Last," by Franz Lehar; "The Blue Paradise," by Edmund Eysler; "Pom-Pom," by Hugo Felix; "Katinka," by Rudolf Friml; "Sybil," by Victor Jacobi, and "Around the Map," by Herman Fink.

\* \* \*

## Hitting Nails on the Head

In a recent interview Langdon Mitchell, author of "The New York Idea" and other plays, hit two peculiarly obtrusive theatrical nails squarely on the head. One was that the moving picture was not really hurting the drama since the greater part of its patrons were so uneducated that they wouldn't understand a real play if they saw it, and the other was, that there would probably be more good plays and novel ones presented if managers did not go to such extreme lengths in the elaboration of their production. A venture of any kind costs so much in advance that few cared to take a chance on anything out of the beaten track of probable

success, which is very true. After all the play is the thing and if it is well acted why should those in front insist that everything in the way of scenery and appointments have never done service before? The adequate and appropriate are all that are needed.

\* \* \*

## Cutting Out the Fat

"One day at a rehearsal of the 'Merchant of Venice,'" says Charles Brookfield, "the Basanio advanced at the end of his Casket scene with outstretched arms prepared, according to the stage directions, to embrace the Lady of Belmont. Poor Ellen Terry started back with a look of terror; then, recovering herself, said with great presence of mind: 'No, Mr. Sykes, we don't do that business; you—er—you merely kiss my hand. 'It's more Venetian,' 'Oh, come,' expostulated Mr. Sykes, with an engaging leer; 'you're cutting all the "fat" out of my part.'"

\* \* \*

## Performance by Convicts

There were several unique features at the vaudeville performance recently given by inmates of the State prison at Auburn. The audience was the largest ever gathered for a prison show. It numbered about 1,500. The actors, stage-hands, orchestra, stage manager, etc., were all convicts. Another noteworthy fact was that, though the audience, as well as the entertainers, were all under lock and key, there was practically nothing to remind one that he was in a prison. Flags hid the barred windows and were draped on the walls, and hardly any uniformed guards were to be seen. A few were back on the stage, but they had nothing to do, for the actors and stage hands enjoyed as much freedom there as they would have had on the stage of any regular vaudeville theatre. The only difference was that they were not allowed to pass the stage door. All the "turns," music, dancing were good, a few were really excellent.

\* \* \*

## Pot Calls Kettle Black

There is a generally accepted idea in America that Yvette Guilbert never gives a song recital without presenting something bordering on the *risqué*. The singer herself resents this imputation. At one of her recent New York recitals she spent half an hour explaining why she thought they ought not to be called *risqué*. Whether her arguments were convincing or not, the speech was most entertaining. "If I had a son who spent his afternoons dancing to ragtime in your cabaret halls," she said, "I would shut him up in a monastery. Ragtime and the divorce courts," she observed warily, "have much in common. The sensuous broken time of the music now being concocted here tends to make its hearers nervous and flighty. Its main purpose is to arouse excitement and its appeal is entirely sensual." She did not end her accusations with that but added with mock naïveté: "Ragtime has arisen from the primitive rhythm of African savages. Even my worst songs are not half so suggestive."



# Julia Marlowe's Farewell to Shakespeare's Women



White

KATHARINE



White

OPHELIA



LADY MACBETH



White

PORTIA

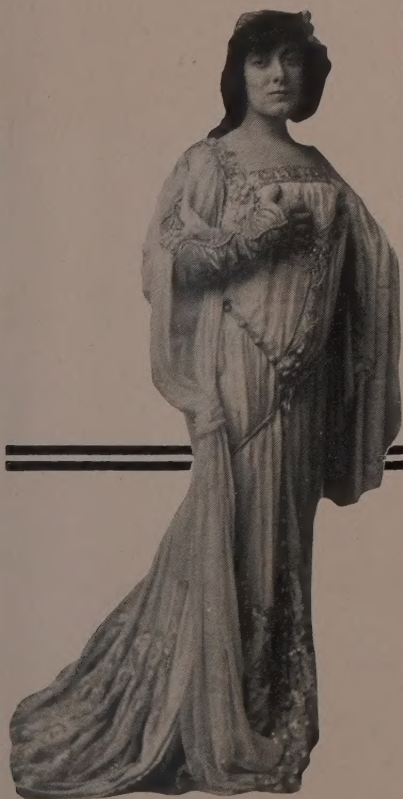
I, dreaming, walking in Arden's wood,  
Where, Dream of Dreams, roamed Rosalind,  
Demure Viola thoughtful stood  
Beneath the scented Eglantine.  
Lo! Saucy Beatrice! who, long syne,  
Hath learned of scornful pride the cost.  
Her eyes from leafy ambush shine—  
Sweet ladies, I have loved and lost.

The fair Ophelia, from the flood,  
Waves a pale hand in parting sign.  
Flaunts Kate the Curst—in Rebel mood;  
Weeps Cawdor's Queen incarnadine.  
Sad Juliet sighs—her love divine,  
By cruel stars forever cross'd.  
Here Imogene flees Cymbeline.  
Sweet ladies, I have loved and lost.

Portia, who, from the bond of blood,  
Diverted Shylock's fierce design;  
Great Egypt's Queen, whom Caesar wooed,  
Strays here from fields of Proserpine.  
Deep drank I of your wisdom's wine,  
Quaffed I your wit, ye radiant host.  
Farewell! Your service I resign;  
Sweet ladies, I have loved and lost.

Your hands! Your lips! Yea, thine and thine,  
Hearts debonair—souls tempest toss'd—  
Your constant shrine, this heart of mine.  
Sweet ladies, I have loved and lost.

ON Saturday night, May 27th last, at the Shubert Theatre, E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe said their farewell to the stage. The play selected for Mr. Sothern's last performance was "If I were King," Miss Marlowe had no part in the play, but at the close of the piece the actress recited the above poem written by a friend in which she said goodbye to the heroines of Shakespeare.



Sands

JULIET



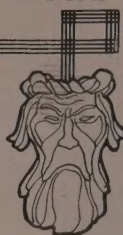
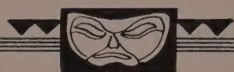
CLEOPATRA



Sands

VIOLA





# AT THE THEATRES

STADIUM. "CALIBAN." Shakespeare Community Masque by Percy MacKaye. Produced on May 24th with this cast:

Caliban, Lionel Braham; Ariel, Gareth Hughes; Prospero, Howard Kyle; Miranda, Edith Wynne Matthison; Sycorax, Joseph Whitmore; Lust, Brigham Royce; War, Edward Fielding; Death, Matthew Briggs; St. Agnes, Margherita Sargent; The Spirit of Time, Mary Lawton; William Shakespeare, John Drew; Antony, Eric Blind; Cleopatra, Hedwig Reicher; Charmian, Marion Evenson; Eros, Clifford Devereaux; Cressida, Gladys Hanson; Her Attendant, Clare Tree Major; Pandarus, David Bispham; Boy, Allan Ross MacDougall; Troilus, Eugene O'Brien; Hecuba, Mary Lawton; Helen, Virginia Hadley; Aeneas, Henry Buckler; Antenor, Chester Thomas Calder; Hector, George Smithfield; Paris, Joseph Sterling; Helenas, Joseph Whitmore; Brutus, Henry Ludlowe; Lucius, John Sahlveek; Ghost of Caesar, F. F. Mackay (first performance); Emmanuel Reicher (other performances); Hamlet, Robert Mantell; Horatio, Augustin Duncan; Marcellus, William S. Sams; Ghost of Hamlet's Father, Emmanuel Reicher; Romeo, Fred Eric; Juliet, Margaret Wycherly; Lorenzo, Eugene O'Brien; Jessica, Viola Compton; Florizel, Joseph Sterling; Perdita, Vera Fredova; Orlando, Fred Eric; Jacques, William H. Sams; The Banished Duke, Cyril Courtney; Adam, George F. Smithfield; Sir Hugh Evans, Etienne Girardot; Sir John Falstaff, Thomas A. Wise; Mistress Ford, Grace Filkins; Mistress Page, Thais Lawton; Anne Page, Beatrice Beckley; King Henry V, Frederick Lewis.

**M**ECHANICALLY and physically Percy MacKaye's Shakespearean Masque, "Caliban," at the Stadium of the College of the City of New York was literally a huge success. Considering the massiveness of the whole conception, the finish, promptness and general effectiveness of the production was quite remarkable. Of the real artistry of the achievement there was opportunity to question; of the underlying motive, the awakening of civic democracy, ah, who shall say?

Mr. MacKaye had the satisfaction of seeing his gigantic ideal realized, but as the poet-author of the book, the allegorical story of the brute, typified in Caliban, brought to a higher plane through the sheer force of artistic beauty as represented by the drama and Shakespeare in particular, it must have been a severe shock for him to see page after page of nicely articulated verse go hustling into space unheard and unintelligible.

**T**HIS production proved that there are distinctive limitations to the spoken drama when attempted on such majestic lines. The most exquisite verse delivered for more than a solid hour, not one word in ten of which can be understood becomes a bore and sadly interferes with the enjoyment of interludes, designed for the sight alone. This was the result at the Stadium. Of the Shakespearean excerpts presented under conditions that made them mere specks no real honor was done to Shakespeare's memory nor was interest created in them for their effect was negligible.

But there was exquisite fancy in their setting and rare beauty displayed in the color and light accessories. Robert Edmond Jones who devised them is an artist, and should be seen under circumstances of better comprehension. In these scenes the every performer hollered for all he was worth; some of the many yelled to a purpose. David Bispham was finely convincing as Pandarus in the scene from Troilus and Cressida and Robert Mantell pantomimically picturesque as Hamlet.

**I**F there was disappointment in the delivery of the text there was little to complain of in the rendering of the musical accompaniment. The choruses under Louis Koemmenich were alert and resonant doing full justice to Arthur Farwell's original score. The triumphant suc-

cess of the production were the interludes ranging in ethnic scope from the early Egyptian to the Morris dancers of Elizabethan England. Thousands, appropriately and artistically garbed, enacted these scenes of color and movement with fine enthusiasm and distinguished precision. Under the huge calciums of varying hues these dances and marches were accomplished on the huge disc of yellow, "the yellow sands," that marked the centre of the open elliptical field.

**T**HOUGH not heard the actors deserve high praise for their strict devotion to Mr. MacKaye's poetical ideal. Lionel Braham was a massive Caliban, sonorous and characteristic of the brute; Edith Wynne Matthison a graciously intelligent Miranda. Gareth Hughes a gracefully alert and handsome Ariel and Howard Kyle a dignified and stately Prospero.



Morrison  
KATHERINE GALLOWAY  
in the title rôle of "Molly O" at the Cort

It was a huge and remarkable stage that tipped the Northern end of the Stadium. When it stated that it was constructed under the direction of Joseph Urban some idea of its architectural detail will immediately present itself. As a stage manager, competent and prompt, Richard Ordynski deserves his blue ribbon. The public that took part in it undoubtedly had a good time, and the thousands upon thousands who witnessed their efforts saw something distinctly original in the history of the drama.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "A LADY'S NAME." Comedy in three acts by Cyril Harcourt. Produced on May 15th with this cast:

Franklin, Mrs. Sybil Frisby; Mabel Vere, Marie Tempest; Flood, John Sharkey; Maud Bray, Lillian Cavanagh; Gerald Wantage, Rex MacDougall; Adams, Stanley Harrison; Noel Corkoran, W. Graham Browne; Mrs. Haimes, Daisy Behmore; Margaret, Ruth Draper; Emily, Beryl Mercer; Kennedy Bird, Harry Lambart; Sam Bently, Algernon Greig.

**M**ARIE TEMPEST, in whose personality resides the very spirit of comedy and who has every artifice and an individuality of expression seemingly without artifice, is irresistible in a reasonable character. She can be relied upon to save a play that is not as robust as it should be, but no acting can make a really fine

in many ways and its action carried on by a variety of well-acted play out of an indifferent one. "A Lady's Name" is very clever types, does not depend for its success altogether on Marie Tempest, but without that lady's name, fame and presence it would not be nearly so attractive.

**M**R. HARCOURT, the author, established himself with us in the production of "A Pair of Silk Stockings," which, farcical as it was in story, was brimful of human nature and its incidents were possible even if extraordinary. In "A Lady's Name" the story is too artificial to be farcically amusing. This may seem inconsistent with the idea of farce; but for a young woman to advertise for a husband in order to secure material for a novel she is writing does not promise entertainment, and the very fact that Mr. Harcourt does get some out of it tends to convince us that he has ability. He is a promising young man, one of those promising young men who, after ten or fifteen years of acting, know all the tricks. Among the most amusing, beginning from the bottom of the social scale, is the slavey as played by Beryl Mercer. Going a little higher we meet the cook, who is in love with the butler, and has such violent hysterics when she discovers the visitor (Marie Tempest) is the object of his transferred affections. The butler, we know of old, but Mr. Harcourt has individualized him.

**T**HE parlor maid, played by Ruth Draper, is pleasing and typical. Lillian Cavanagh, as a suffragette, twists the wrist of a blustering vulgarian who answers the advertisement and otherwise subdues him. Thus the play is the product of the resourcefulness of an actor-stage-manager-author. The least interesting part is played by perhaps the best, at least most noted actor in the cast, W. Graham Browne. He is the master of the butler, and it is in his kitchen that the practical young woman advertising for a husband in order to get material meets him. The young woman, Marie Tempest, humors the butler by agreeing to come to the kitchen to take tea with him. There is nothing a bit funny in the theory of the play, its story; but with the types and many amusing incidents and the comedy of Marie Tempest it will not be denied the play succeeds.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR." Comedy in three acts by William Shakespeare. Presented on May 25th with the following cast:

Sir John Falstaff, Herbert Tree; Master Fenton, Eric Maxon; Justice Shallow, Leonard Mudie; Master Slender, George Hayes; Master Ford, Lyn Harding; Master Page, Charles Coleman; Sir Hugh Evans, Douglas Ross; Dr. Caius, Henry Herbert; Host of the "Garter Inn," Sydney Greenstreet; Bardolph, G. W. Anson; Nym, Edward Forbes; Pistol, Claude Beerbohm; Robin, Reggie Sheffield; Simple, George G. Carr; Rugby, Alfred Shirley; Mistress Page, Henrietta Crossman; Mistress Anne Page, Virginia Fox Brooks; Mistress Quickly, Maud Milton; Mistress Ford, Constance Collier.

**S**IR HERBERT TREE is not particularly qualified for Falstaff, but his direction of the performance as a whole was exceedingly interesting. There are some peculiar difficulties in the rearrangement of this play for the modern stage. He has bettered some of the old rearrangements, but we would not care to affirm that his distribution of the action into three acts and eleven scenes is the best possible. Violence to

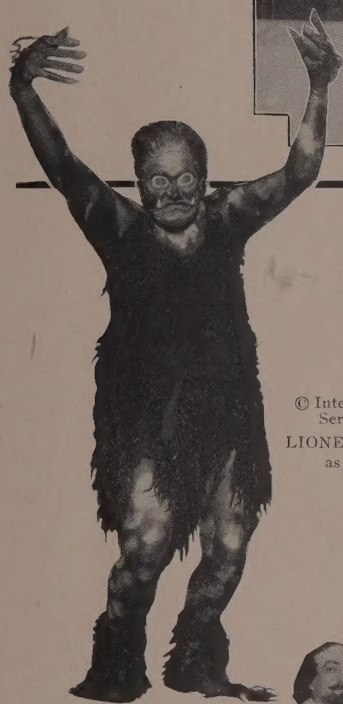




# Scenes and Characters in "Caliban," the Great Shakespeare Masque



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VIEW OF STAGE  
Designed by Joseph Urban for the Shakespeare Masque



© International Film Service, Inc.  
LIONEL BRAHAM  
as Caliban



Mishkin EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON  
as Miranda



© International Film Service, Inc.  
HOWARD KYLE  
as Prospero



© International Film Service, Inc.  
JOHN DREW  
as Shakespeare



© International Film Service, Inc.  
PROLOGUE OF THE MASQUE



© International Film Service, Inc.  
GARETH HUGHES  
as Ariel



© International Film Service, Inc.

A GROUP OF GRACEFUL DANCING GIRLS





White

Lilian Cavanagh and Marie Tempest in Act I of "A Lady's Name" at the Maxine Elliott

the actual text is not noticeable. The closing scene in Windsor Forest has now something of the nature of a comic opera, the curtain falling to the dancing whoop of wildly merry people footing it on the green. Sir Herbert may be right in thus bringing to a conclusion the merry prank of Mistress Page and Mistress Ford. The picture, the scenery of it, was assuredly a triumph of decorative art, while there was undoubtedly effectiveness in the very bigness of the hilarity and the number of people employed.

IN the acting, apart from Sir Herbert's Falstaff, which was good but not superlative, Henrietta Crossman was the feature. We doubt if a better Mistress Page can be remembered or, at least, if a better one can be had to-day. Miss Crossman has the airiness of thought and motion that was born in her as it was in Mistress Page. To whatever extent Shakespeare was indebted to sources not of his own imagination for the story—or any part of it—of the pranks of the wives, his characters are so local and so plainly of his own creation that the play brings us closer to the human Shakespeare, if the expression may be used, than any other written by him. We can note in it more of the practical playwright, more of that accommodation of himself to the practical purposes of the stage, entertainment in the employment of characters close to everyday life, than in any of his other plays. It was the quality and the method of Molière, the two men being wide apart, not in genius, but in method. The minor parts in the New Amsterdam performance responded to Shakespeare's intention. G. W. Anson's Bardolph, particularly in one or two scenes in which he witnesses with anxiety for the heel-taps that might be left from his Master's deep potation, was worth anyone's evening. George Hayes as Master Slender, Henry Herbert as Dr. Caius, Reggie Sheffield, George G. Carr and Alfred Shirley as Robin, Simple and Rugby respectively, Maud Milton as Dame Quickly, Leonard Mudie as Shallow, Sidney Greenstreet as mine Host of the "Garter" Inn, and Henry Herbert as Evans, were as if fresh from the hand of Shakespeare.

SOME of the important characters in the play, as performed, were not up to the mark set

by the minor characters. Virginia Fox Brooks was all that could be desired in the small part. Others of well established reputation were not so happy, although none fell below competency. The use of Shakespeare's plays no doubt is declining, and they will continue to have periods of comparative periods of disuse with succeeding periods of sudden popularity, but no open-minded observer of the production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" could doubt Shakespeare's past, present and future supremacy in the essentials of genius, whether it be genius in itself or for the stage.

BANDBOX. "THE SEA GULL." Play in four acts by Anton Tchekhov, translated from the Russian by Marian Fell. Produced on May 31st with the following cast:

Masha, Florence Enright; Simon Medviedenko, Edward I. Ballantine; Peter Sorin, Frank Conroy; Constantine Trepleff, Roland Young; Jacob, W. A. Richardson, Jr.; Nina Zarietchnaya, Mary Morris; Dr. Eugene Dorn,

Robert Strange; Paulina, Suzette Stuart; Irina Arkadina, Helen Westley; Boris Trigorin, Ralph Roeder; Shamraev, Walter Frankl; The Maid, Elinor M. Cox; The Cook, Jean Strange.

THE last offering by the Washington Square Players at their Bandbox Theatre in remote 57th Street (the company now being housed at the Comedy Theatre) was an imported something called "The Sea Gull," by Anton Tchekhov, a Russian dramatist of high intention and serious resolve. Mr. Tchekhov is a symbolist. He soon gives us to understand in this play that we are to spend an edifying evening witnessing the unhappy consequences of shooting a sea gull, the sea gull real, the incident symbolic. The same things would have happened in the play if the sea gull had not been shot, but there is a certain very appropriate artistic gloom cast over the proceedings by the use of this one symbol. Ibsen sometimes employs two in the same play, but one, we think it will be commonly agreed to, is enough.

THE purpose of the play seems to be to satirize ambition that is amiably misdirected or pursued with selfish and unscrupulous energy. It is a group consisting of an artistic family and their friends. The mother, of the second generation, is the dominating spirit. Already a successful actress she consorts with a distinguished dramatist. Her son is jealous of the dramatist and is writing at a novel or poem in emulation of him. This son commits suicide toward the end of the performance by means of a pistol shot. Two or three young women are disappointed in love, one of them marrying a man she abhors, while another goes down in dishonor. The distinguished dramatist remains erect and unscathed, at the end of the play, as a monument of and to vanity.

THE characters are clearly drawn, with such truth indeed that the play must have a gripping force in its own land. Much of the dialogue has a telling intellectual penetration. Except in its characterizations the play could hardly be described as expertly written. For whatever reason, it proved a bore. We do not think that result was in any large measure the fault of the Washington Square Players. That it was the first long play they had attempted has little to do with it. They have no reason to be discouraged in the matter of venturing on long plays. The failure here is that of Mr. Tchekhov. It



Marie Tempest, Beryl Mercer, Ruth Draper and Stanley Harrison in Act II of "A Lady's Name"





White Alice Fischer, Charles Judels, Lew Fields and Marguerite Farrell in "Step This Way" at the Shubert Theatre

was a technical failure of the man, and not because of the depressing nature of the subject and material. They were bad enough. Had he been more expert he might have written a very powerful play, just as or nearly as powerful here as in Russia.

THE actors further demonstrated the qualities which they have abundantly shown in their remarkable career at the Bandbox. The production in the matter of scenery was up to the new high standard of the Players. They accomplish wonders there in the employment of simple means. They have a distinct artistic tendency and progressiveness in expressive decoration. In that particular they have established their right to be heard and seen. They have had aberrations of judgment in their selection of plays, at times, but they have won a place in public estimation. They should meet with encouragement and success in their wider field of activity at the Comedy Theatre, which house they have recently acquired.

SHUBERT. "STEP THIS WAY." Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Edgar Smith, lyrics by E. Ray Goetz, music by Bert Grant. Produced on May 29th with this cast:

Maggie, Fannie Hasbrouck; Mitzi Gossard, Louise Clark; Miss Billings, Virginia Richardson; Mrs. M. Whittington, Martha Erlich; Henri Duval, Charles Judels; Mrs. Crossleigh Shoppington, Nan J. Brennan; Ninette Valois, Laura Hamilton; Susie Scraggs, Gladys Clark; Dudley Cheatham, Henry Bergman; Millie Mostyn, Marguerite Farrell; Mrs. Henry Schniff, Alice Fischer; Winnie Willoughby, Beth Lydy; Henry Schniff, Lew Fields; Charles Chetwynd, John Charles Thomas; Lord Augustus Gushington, Robert Ward; The Hon. Bertie Epsom, Lew Brice; Willard Fitzcorbett, Charles Mitchell.

THOSE accepting the invitation to "Step This Way," meaning the Shubert Theatre, will not be disappointed, for the musical production bearing that name presents the old-time favorite, Lew Fields, in the happiest of veins. It matters little that his "new" vehicle is simply an up-to-date version of his old-time success, "The Girl Behind the Counter." It is an amusing medium for fun, fancy and dance and Fields and his associates "put it over" with a bang.

FIELDS is a born *farceur*, who has softened and mellowed the effectiveness of his art. It is not as explosive as it used to be and gains



DORALINA

Whose dancing in "Step This Way" has created a furore

considerably thereby. The adventures of the German *nouveau riche* dragged unwillingly into social activities are a succession of screams. Time can not wither the fun of his experience at the soda water fountain. His aspiring wife is acted with noisy vociferousness by Alice Fischer; but there is a very pretty sweet and refined interpretation of the daughter supplied by Beth Lydy and a really manly hero in the person of John Charles Thomas. Bergman and Clark are thoroughly up-to-date with their dances, while Charles Judels and Ernest Torrence figure conspicuously in the support. Scenery and costumes are pretentiously ornate. The score is simplicity itself.

CORT. "MOLLY O!" An operetta in two acts. Book and lyrics by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith, founded on a story by Boccaccio. Music by Carl Woess. Produced on May 20th with this cast:

Mrs. Kean, Audrey Maple; Princess De Togueville, Mabel Josephine Harris; Prince De Togueville, Count de Vassey; Hiram J. Kidder, Dan Quinlan; Freddy Sands, John E. Young; Mrs. Prunella O'Malley, Josie Intropidi; Dan O'Malley, Tom Lewis; Josette, Grace Field; Hal Rutherford, Donald Macdonald; Count Walter Von Walden, Thomas Conkey; Molly O'Malley, Katherine Galloway; Prudence Page, Elizabeth Hines; Sylvia Shaw, Estelle Francesca; Helen Butler, Anita Francesca; Laura Putnam, Ray Lloyd; Agnes Fielding, Helen Hillarde; Louise Darling, Marion Comfort; Daisy, Hinda Hand; Rose, Florence Cassidy; Willie Speed, Trixie Warren; Georgeette, Vivian Morrison; Victor, Joseph Miller; Mariette, Anita Francesca; Gaston, James Whelan; Manuel, Donald Crane.

THERE is no new note struck by either composer or librettist in "Molly O," the operetta in two acts now current at the Cort. At this late stage in the game Messrs. Harry B. and Robert B. Smith are quite content to work in accepted ruts. This is their attitude in the book, said to be founded on one of Boccaccio's tales. It is conventional to a degree and its wit is only a slight variation on the sure proof wheezes that work on Broadway from one's year end to another. Be that as it may, incessant action and much stimulated enthusiasm on the stage, manage to make the time pass with fair rapidity.

PARTED at the altar, only to be reunited after the customary misunderstanding and intrigue is the plot of "Molly O." Two sets are required for the action. One is an exterior at Newport and the other a ball room at Vienna given over to students. Each sufficiently serves its purpose. Costumes and accessories are equally sufficient. The score by Carl Woess is quite a little above the average in melody and graceful setting.

The production brought to notice a real find in the person of Katherine Galloway, an actress of grace and spirit, with a voice of unusual sweetness, tone and flexibility. Her impersonation of the title rôle was a real achievement. Opposite to her Thomas Conkey enacted the obdurate lover with becoming manliness and fire. The humor of the book was in safe hands, the socially aspiring wife and her disgusted better half were acted with real comic gusto by Tom Lewis and Josie Intropidi. Others in the cast were the irrepressible John Young; Audrey Maple and Grace Field, whose neat interpretation of the Viennese artist was genuinely effective. Her Mexican dance with Donald Crane was the gem of the show.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES." Book and lyrics by George V. Hobart and Gene Buck. Music by Louis Hirsch, Jerome Kern and Dave Stamper.

Produced on June 12th with the following cast:

Puck, Emma Haig; William Shakespeare, William Rock; George M. Cohan, Carl Randall; Hamlet, William C. Fields; Ophelia, Fannie Brice; Mark Antony, Bernard Granville; A Roman Woman, Ethel Callahan; A Man, Arthur Whitman; Julius Caesar, Don Barclay; Friar Lawrence, Clay Hill; Juliet, Ina Claire; Nurse, Justine Johnstone; Othello, Bert Williams; Specialty, Bird Millman; Cleopatra, Allyn King; The Enemy, Peter Swift; King Henry VIII, Sam B. Hardy; A Dance, Ann Pen-

THE latest of the Ziegfeld "Follies," the tenth to be exact, has all the characteristics that have made this enterprise such a hardy perennial. Perhaps the chief merit of this year's show is the splendor of the various backgrounds designed by Joseph Urban. It seems sacrilege to see high art given over to the service of entertainment of this vacuous, frothy (Continued on page 41)



# TWO SPECTACULAR WAR PICTURES



Christ shows the arrogant king the horrors of the battlefield

SCENE IN "CIVILIZATION"

WITH the passing of stage plays from the New York theatres the makers of spectacular motion pictures have come to fill the gap in the amusement life of the city. The first weeks in June brought two of the most pretentious productions displayed since Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation," both reflecting the influence of the master producer, but neither equalling the picture that still stands as the highest example of the cinema art. Thomas H. Ince's "Civilization," now at the Criterion Theatre, lacks the human, logical, emotionally stirring story that had so much to do with the lasting popularity of "The Birth of a Nation," whereas "The Fall of a Nation," by Thomas Dixon, is wanting in the finer points of craftsmanship and possesses an extravagant plot that audiences at the Liberty are unlikely to find convincing.

In "Civilization" Mr. Ince urges the abandonment of all wars, holding that they are a relic of barbarism and the domination of unscrupulous rulers, while in "The Fall of a Nation," Mr. Dixon seeks to further the preparedness propaganda in this country by imagining our downfall at the hands of a foreign power, aided by traitors on our own shores. These themes are

similar in one respect; they afford opportunities for tremendous battle scenes; probably the most valuable assets of both pictures.

FROM a technical standpoint, in the handling of immense crowds, in communicating to the spectator something of the movement and the horror of war, "Civilization" is a wonderful accomplishment a veritable photographic masterpiece and well-nigh flawless in the matter of settings and gloriously picturesque locations. Its strength lies in the quite overpowering massiveness of the production; its weakness in the unconvincing nature of the story as it wanders off into a rather far-fetched allegory, in which Christ, sup-

posed to have returned to earth in the body of a dead submarine commander, leads the arrogant king on a tour of inspection of battlefields strewn with lifeless bodies and points out rotting ruins in place of happy homes. The king abandons his creed of "frightfulness" and peace is declared.

STILL considering the character of this same submarine commander—the chief figure in the picture—there are qualities likely to estrange the sympathy, even of those who believe in a doctrine preaching the defiance of rulers when the people of a country are called to war. Whether rightly or wrongly, Count Ferdinand



Count Ferdinand refuses to torpedo the passenger steamer

SCENE IN "CIVILIZATION"

has accepted a commission from his government with a full knowledge of the requirements. Before leaving port on the submarine he knows that he will be expected to attack vessels, other than men-of-war, yet experiencing a sudden vision of the horrors consequent upon the torpedoing of an ocean liner, he prevents the fulfillment of orders by sinking the submarine.

THE weakness here is obvious, for Count Ferdinand appears in the unpleasant light of a man who accepts responsibility and then proves false to his charge, something that even our most vociferous socialists would scarcely advocate. A hero who fails in a crisis, though his change of heart be fundamentally correct, falls short of the popular conception of a true man. Having depicted the tragedy of war to the last gruesome detail, Mr. Ince introduces "the mothers of men" in a secret alliance that becomes a powerful factor in bringing about permanent peace. Howard Hickman gives an intelligent portrayal of the Count, and George Fisher is well cast as The Christus; but Herschel Mayall makes an impossibly pompous king, the kind of a king one might expect to meet on the musical comedy stage.

IF the personal note is lacking in "Civilization" no such fault may be urged against "The Fall of a Nation." Mr. Dixon took great pains to handle the

(Continued on page 41)



The attack on Waldron's palatial home

SCENE IN "THE FALL OF A NATION"



# The Humorous Side of Stage Publicity

By ALAN DALE

WHO is the brave, suave, saccharine, and somewhat courtly gentleman who accosts the dramatic critic as he enters the theatre, seizes his hand affectionately, asks after the state of his health, and wonders if he would like a nice stage box for the accommodation of his entire family?

Why, he is the gentleman employed by the manager to give "publicity" to that manager's enterprises—to see that newspaper readers are plied with agreeable misinformation ament the current stage offering, and to clamor for "paragraphs" in the pleasantly chatty, yet persistently agate column entitled "Footlight Notes."

He is quite a smiling and confidential person, when the critic has command of the aforesaid column, but sardonic, and a trifle sinister when he hasn't. He is always dapper, and neatly sartorial. At times, he will suggest archly—oh, quite archly!—liquid refreshment, and the young critic unbosoms himself of his troubles, to this apparently good natured, and optimistic listener.

Sometimes, he is profusely complimentary. He will tell the critic that he is the most influential of all the New York writers on theatrical topics. He will occasionally retail luminous gossip from the newspaper offices. Quite often he tells the youthful writer how friendly he is with the editor-in-chief, or the proprietor of the newspaper, or with some other mighty influence in the office. He will allude to the critic's "boss" as Bill, or Joe, or Charlie, just to emphasize his delightful familiarity with that newspaper office, and sometimes he will say: "Bill thinks the world of you, and Mrs. Bill simply raves about your articles."

THE young critic is, of course, impressed, and perhaps awed, and when the publicity gentleman suggests humbly, diffidently, and very carelessly that the critic say a kind word or two, if he honestly can (the publicity gentleman is much concerned with the question of honesty), for a certain artist, who is really very friendly with Bill, or Joe, or Charlie, naturally he does

it—if he can. And he usually finds that he can. Of course.

The publicity gentleman always amuses me, and always has. He is so deliciously transparent—so pellucid, as it were. Whether it be in a chat, or a typewritten paragraph, deferentially offered for publication, he has appealed to me as exquisitely ingenuous. He is really a very simple minded person, who believes himself to be astute, and that is always funny. Very often he has graduated from the ranks of journalism, because managers believe that any connection with a newspaper office is better than none at all. He, too, was once affectionately considered by his predecessor, so he knows exactly how to behave, and he behaves!

I enjoy the publicity man most when the play is bad—bad to the core. Of course, that is the precise time when he occurs, for there is an absurd idea—a genuinely perverted notion—that a good play needs no attention at all.

WHEN the piece is so dreadful that even the storehouse might be pardoned for protesting at its subsequent shelter, the publicity gentleman gets fearfully busy. One of his most brilliant "stunts" is to send forth illusive paragraphs declaring that London is bidding avidly for the English rights to the failure, and in the most expensive cablegrams. When I read that "George Alexander will produce the piece at the St. James Theatre, London," or that "Sir Herbert Tree has acquired the English rights," then I know that the doors of the storehouse are opening slowly—slowly—slowly.

The publicity gentleman never hesitates. As soon as the receipts show that the piece is doomed—London buys it, and three English managers clamor for the rights. In the case of a success, nobody cares a hang about London. London can fight its own battles. But the abject failure is always due for "presentation in the English metropolis."

AT the beginning of a recent season, I made up my mind to count the number of plays that were booked—by the publicity gentleman—for London, and the list grew so long, that I gave up the work. It was too "clerical," so to speak.

Now, I ask you why—why, the American public should believe that London would bid for a particularly atrocious dramatic offering? The only answer I can think of is that London sends so many bad plays here, that it may be a case of retaliation. I suppose that the publicity gentleman reasons that this sort of work has always been done, so he must continue along the lines laid down by his predecessors.

The list of plays that have been secured for London, and have never seen the footlights there, is quite startling. I should think that the public *must* have caught on to this absurd "paragraph," but the publicity gentleman evidently has other notions. And when by any chance a play is done in



The publicity gentleman is fond of writing erudite articles which the star will sign

London, then it is one that has never been treated to the publicity gentleman's work.

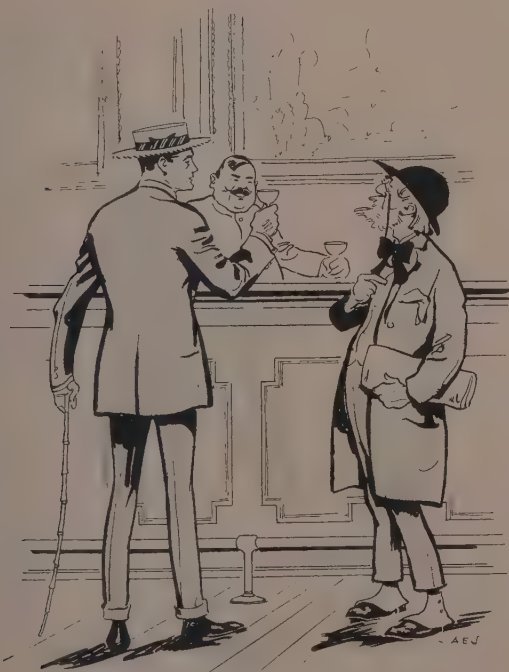
When the play is not so bad that London managers clamor for it—you see, they clamor only for the worst—then the brain of the publicity gentleman operates in another direction. He dallies, perhaps, with "society." When after a particularly unfortunate first-night, I read that "Mrs. Vanderbilt occupied a box with a party of friends," I say to myself: "Oh, you poor little play! I thought that you might have a chance, but now I know that it is all off."

I don't mean to infer that newspaper readers are as sophisticated as I am. Why should they be? But I do wonder why the presence of Mrs. Vanderbilt, or any other "prominent" person, should be an inducement to the public to patronize anything. If society people like to spend their money on bad plays, they can at least afford it. Moreover their dramatic instincts are not necessarily cultivated, and their approval is perfectly irrelevant.

However, after the alleged purchase of the New York failure by the London manager, the publicity gentleman's next move is to furnish a list of the names of unfortunates who have sat through it. Sometimes "clubs" go to see it *en masse*, because the specialty of the club may be mentioned in the action of the piece. The fundamental idea is that any mention of a play helps to bring it before the public. This, of course, is a delightful fallacy, because the New York public is much too "fly" to be caught by such methods. They might be useful in Prairie du Chien (Wis.), in Mifflintown (Pa.), or in Shakopee (Minn.).

THE comic feature of the publicity gentleman's outlook is that he invariably considers this fastidious and semi-sophisticated public just as though it belonged to the aforesaid art centres.

It is difficult nowadays for the publicity gentleman to display the tactics that were popular years ago, when Miss Anna Held secured columns of advertising by milk baths, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell won editorial comment by refusing to appear unless tan bark were placed outside the theatre. Dramatic editors do not mind little agate lies about current attractions, but they will not tolerate the more florid effusions of mendacity. Never lie, but if you do, let it be a whopper. That was formerly the gospel



"At times the dapper press agent will suggest liquid refreshment"



of the dramatic department, but it has gone out of fashion. The lies must be inconspicuous, and comparatively innocuous.

The erudite publicity gentleman—and occasionally he is quite nicely “educated”—is fond of busying himself with the “views” of the star whom he may be booming. This star may not be able to write a single paragraph in decent English, but you read from his alleged pen a splendid tribute to Shakespeare, or a most luminous screed on the trend of the modern stage.

THAT sometimes “gets my goat.”

(Please let me use the expression even though it be inelegant.) It really does. I say to myself: “Here am I, getting on in life and just able to express myself in fairly literary English” (the fact that many deny this does not daunt me in the least), “yet after the years I have spent at my pen this actor or actress can write an article just as plausibly as I can.” Sometimes a chorus girl tells of the temptations of the stage (she loves them!) in immaculate language, and we must suppose that the public swallows it. She “quotes” beautifully from the best authorities, and even though you know that, in her private conversation, she is on affectionate terms with double negatives, it gives you a shock at first.

The publicity gentleman sees to it that she is not only topical but eminently literary. You are willing to swear that she couldn't even read her alleged utterances aloud, but you are asked to credit the idea that the general public actually thinks she wrote it all. This feature of the publicity gentleman's duties is tremendously funny, but it has a sting to it. It belittles the poor souls who have spent the best part of their lives trying to express themselves in cleanly English.

THEN the feminine star and the chorus girl are always credited with being full of altruistic advice to everybody who doesn't want it! Their sentiments are pure as new-mown milk, or freshly drawn hay. You know all about them, and so, I imagine, does the public, but the pub-

licity gentleman works hard in their interests, and they say things that are really humorously mendacious. The lies are piquant and paprika'd, and it would be delicious to believe that they were accepted by those to whom they are of-

ealogy in the case of artists who need—a bit of anything. If he can discover that the star once had a grandfather, or a grandmother, or some nice sort of an aunt, out goes the priceless gem of information, in a delightful agate paragraph.

It is printed perfectly irrelevantly, and has nothing to do with any possible case, but it is supposed to be inordinately useful. He or she “gets a mention,” and the hard-working publicity gentleman gets a salary.

We are no longer interested in the fact that Miss So-and-So collects snakes, or that Mr. Snooks wears a new pair of shoes every day, or that Mrs. Three-Stars drinks iced vinegar after her performance each night, or that Mr. Asterisk loves sugar on his potatoes. The publicity gentleman, to be worth his salt, must steer away from banalities such as these—which have now started a career of puerile mendacity in the movies—and he does steer away from them, in the direction of others just as banal.

Perhaps on Avenue A, or in Rivington Street, where the people do not go to the Broadway theatres, the lucubrations of the publicity gentleman may be appreciated as the manifestations of harmless lunacy, but I cannot—I dare not believe, that they are accepted by the inhabitants of Lobster Square, and that vicinity.

THE really comic side of publicity lies in the fact that it occurs only in the case of bad plays. Good ones, those that have been received with enthusiasm, and are booked for long and lucrative runs, get no attention. Why, the public must ask, do we hear nothing of certain plays so popular that we cannot even buy tickets for them, but only of those that are in the “cut-rate” market?

The publicity gentleman invariably “quotes” the opinions of critics when the piece is bad. He picks out a few adjectival phrases to be read without the context, and “releases” them in his advertisements. Then, if you have been studying this sort of thing carefully, or even carelessly, you know full well that the play is a “flivver.” Whenever a piece is unanimously praised—and it does happen occasionally—the advertisements



WITCHES—From Left to Right:—Lena Parker, Seneca, N. Y.; Elizabeth Janis, Sioux, S. Dak.; Mary Wilmet, Ottawa, Mich.; Ethel Lynd, Sioux, S. Dak.; Evelyn Schingler, Seneca, N. Y.; Winnie Lajanesse, Shoshone, Wyo.; Mamie Heany, Chippewa, Minn.



“Caesar”—Donald Brown, Sioux, S. Dak.  
“Volumnia”—Agnes Owl, Cherokee, N. C.

ferred, but who could possibly believe it?

The publicity gentleman loves a bit of gen-



DESCENDANTS OF THE FIRST AMERICANS, AT CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL, PAY THEIR TRIBUTE TO SHAKESPEARE

From Left to Right, Top Row:—“Witch,” Ethel Lynd, Sioux. Second Row:—“Volumnia,” Agnes Owl, Cherokee, N. C.; “Portia,” Roberta Seneca, Cayuga, N. Y.; “Page,” Andrew Cuellar, Shawnee, Okla.; “Hamlet,” George Warrington, Menominee, Wis.; “Shakespeare,” Daniel Chase, Sioux, N. Dak.; “Queen Elizabeth,” Mary Horsechief, Ponca, Okla.; “Shylock,” Ben Guyon, Chippewa, Wis.; “Cardinal Wolsey,” William Thomas, Winnebago, Nebr.; “Sir John Falstaff,” Tony Welch, Cherokee, N. C. Third Row:—“Caesar,” Donald Brown, Sioux, S. Dak.; “Ophelia,” Sallie Greybeard, Cherokee, N. C.; “Henry VIII,” Earl Wilber, Menominee, Wis.; “Nerissa,” Mary Ann Cutler, Ottawa, Mich.; “Portia,” Alta Printup, Tuscarora, N. Y.; “Romeo,” Arnold Holiday, Chippewa, Wis.; “Juliet,” Sadie Metoxen, Oneida, Wis.; “Macbeth,” Maroney French, Cherokee, N. C.; “Lady Macbeth,” Lucy West, Ponca, Okla.; “Richard III,” Steven Smith, Digger, Cal.; “Cordelia,” Charlotte Smith, Chippewa, Mich. Fourth Row:—“Brutus,” Andrew Conner, Chippewa, Wis.; “Miranda,” Agnes Hatch, Chippewa, Mich.; “Cleopatra,” Delight Lynd, Sioux, S. Dak.; “Viola,” Mau de Cooke, Mohawk, N. Y.; “Cassius,” Green Choate, Choctaw, Okla.; “Witches,” Mary Wilmer, Ottawa, Mich.; Evelyn Schingler, Seneca, N. Y.; Lena Parker, Seneca, N. Y.; Elizabeth Janis, Sioux, S. Dak.; Mamie Heany, Chippewa, Minn.; Winnie Lajanesse, Shoshone, Wyoming.



are silent. "Success—Herald" never occurs under those conditions, and there are no published opinions. Silence—and gold!

David Belasco, I think, pro-

fact that such-and-such a play is produced before the profession. It is an awfully funny notion, I think. Don't you agree?

This season, I have longed to hear something about "The Boomerang," and have scoured the publicity para-

they don't want, for the attractions that are to be done in London, and those that Mrs. Vanderbilt has seen, with her box party.

I may add that "The Boomerang" has been produced in London, and I may also remark that I secured that information from the English papers. The New York papers, full of "Foot-light Notes" and "Greenroom Gossip," never whispered a word, or greenroom-gossiped a syllable on that topic. Suppose that "The Boomerang" had been a failure.

The same thing applies to George M. Cohan's "revue." Not the scintilla of a whispered word. Really, one would be forced to believe that the New York public interested itself only in failures, if one credited the publicity gentleman. Does one credit him?

THE drollery of the thing always makes me laugh. It is so ingenious, that it is almost wistful. Just as there are some critics whose verdicts may always be taken in a contrary sense, so there are some publicity gentlemen whose "boosts" must be regarded as first aid to the wounded. They are really good Samaritans, helping those who clamor for attention. They work for the poor and needy, but why should they pretend that these are affluent and unneedy?

The absence of the publicity gentlemen's kindly efforts is really a wonderful assistance—as far as the sophisticated public goes—and that is a long way. Certain stars who refuse to allow any erudite gentlemen to



Moffett

LUCILE CAVANAGH

Late of "The Follies" and now in vaudeville with George White

duces more successes than any living manager, and his advertisements are taciturnity exemplified. The general public must have learned its lesson from the tactics of Mr. Belasco. These never vary. Absolute success means no quoted opinion. In case of doubt—reasonable doubt—perhaps the words of one or two critics may be reproduced. I can always tell exactly how Mr. Belasco feels about his productions by watching the "publicity." In case I never read one solitary word about a Belasco play, I know absolutely that it is a tremendous success. In case I *do* read a few words about it, I realize that Belasco is not overweeningly certain.

Have you ever read a quoted opinion of a Maude Adams play? Charles Frohman was so completely assured of her success at all times, that the publicity gentleman had no job. He was superfluous, and irrelevant and unnecessary. She has never been plied with "views" on the subject of the temptations of the stage, or advice to mothers, or the usual publicity topics. She has never spoken through the publicity gentleman; Mrs. Vanderbilt has never seen her (or, if she has, she has remained silent) and her plays have never been secured for London. Silence—and gold!

AS for "professional matinées"—the actors are often asked to see what the public doesn't want to see, not because the managers are particularly anxious to give the poor Thespians a bad time, but because the "professional matinée" always gets a paragraph or two in the newspapers. Why it should do so I don't know, but it does. Great successes rarely offer "professional matinées." The poor actors seldom see the good things on those occasions, but usually the bad ones. There seems to be some sort of idea in the brain of the publicity gentleman, that the public will be enormously impressed by the

graphs—knowing, of course, that I should never find an item there, as the piece has been so abnormally successful. Still, even I cannot always resist the quite exploded idea that "publicity" covers everything. I could discover various allusions to such offerings as "See America First" or "Come to Bohemia," but ne'er a word about "The Boomerang."

Now, you would think that if "Foot-light Notes" meant anything, they would concern themselves with successes. How many people have seen "The Boomerang"? When did it celebrate its one hundredth performance? What was the reason of its success, when it was hailed as merely a pleasant little play, beautifully produced and artistically cast? Not a word. Don't you think that the public must wonder why failures are always paragraphed, and successes never?

Silence must be lucrative. Surely that is the lesson that the public learns, if it learns any. Theatre-goers discover that they simply cannot buy tickets for a piece that the newspapers have apparently neglected, and that they *can* buy all



Victor Georg

FRITZ LEIBER

Recently seen as Jansoon Kolp in "Van der Decken" with David Warfield

write their views for them to sign, are now regarded as dignified and artistic. Their very silence augurs well for their success. The chatty ones make us laugh, and offer us light relaxation at their own expense. What they have to say—or what the publicity gentleman has to say for them—is always so alluring and so arch. It is so full of the joy of living, so sweetly optimistic, and so entrancingly meaningless.

I've met all sorts (Continued on page 42)



# THE NEW LADY OF PHILIPSE MANOR

*Elsie Janis mistress of the historic home so closely  
associated with Washington*

LIFE is very kind to Elsie Janis. Even in her cradle that vividly human young person was dowered with a gift of mimicry that has won her a place among the most popular stage persons of the present, and she is further endowed with a fine faculty for versification, a fluent command of a copious and classic vocabulary, that almost constitutes genuine poetic genius. When she isn't acting or giving imitations of other actresses, Miss Janis is deeply preoccupied with the Poetic Muse, and she stables her Pegasus in a historic structure where once the saddle horse of George Washington quite probably snorted and stamped a century or so ago.

FOR Miss Janis, as perhaps you know, has purchased the famous old "Philipse Manor," sometime called "Castle Philipse," near Tarrytown, in this State, and there she is spending her vacation surrounded by mementoes of George Washington's stay in the fine old house, and relics of the pre-Revolutionary days before the battle of White Plains, nearly, was lost by General Washington to Lord Howe in October, 1776.

No more ardent lover of her country than Elsie Janis exists, unless the patriotism of her mother, Mrs. Josephine Janis, may exceed that of her talented daughter, and the historic manor house could not possibly have fallen into better hands than the reverent ownership of the young star. A careful and comprehensive search for veritable Washington furniture and pictures, will doubtless in time enable Miss Janis to restore much of the atmosphere of "Washington's headquarters" to the venerable place, in the mean time the George Washington bedroom, and the George Washington beds—four posters of solid mahogany now, alas, desecrated with several coats of white paint, are shown to visitors with high pride by Elsie and her mother.

No other transient home of George Washington approaches in sentimental interest the house which Miss Janis has made her own. It was here that Mars was defeated by Cupid, the very lovely Miss Philipse having here in the stately language of her time, "declined the hand" of the Father of his Country.

A ROMANTIC spot, where the winding stream which flows through the ground falls in a tiny cataract over a succession of rude boulders to a limpid, oak-shaded pool below, is pointed out as the very place where the obdurate fair one gave George Washington his *congé*. Then there is the old well, now walled about with a neat white well house, where George might have quaffed, and probably did, deep draughts from the old oaken bucket. Anyway, if the first president never drank the sparkling fluid that fills the moss-covered bucket from which Miss Janis offers her guests a drink today, he missed something.

Wonderful tact and discretion have marked such restorations as Mrs. Janis has made in the old place. A stone wall, falling to decay, but of great age, which formerly divided the trim grounds from the mill plot where the grist of other days was ground, has been rebuilt. A high

Washingtonian spirit has caused Miss Janis to collect the same sort of boulders used in the original construction, and two pairs of venerable mill stones, found buried deep in the bed of the little stream, have been mounted to form a sort of low pillar beside the wall. And the digging up of the ancient garden also gave up treasure trove of other days.



White

ELSIE JANIS

At the old well, one of the historic spots of Philipse Manor.

MANY venerable old Dutch bricks—tile-like in shape, and some of them bearing the date (1615), in which year they were pressed in Holland and set to dry by the old process of sun-curing, were yielded up and have been presented as treasured paper weights or book ends to collectors of Washingtonia who are numbered among Miss Janis' friends.

There are few examples of Colonial doors finer than the lovely old entrance to Philipse Manor. Close beside this door is set a large bronze tablet bearing the following inscription:

## CASTLE PHILIPSE

This House Was Built  
About 1683 by

FREDERICK PHILIPSE  
First Lord of the Manor of  
PHILIPSEBURGH

The Manor Was Granted in  
1693

By Governor Fletcher  
Placed by the Colonial Dames  
Of the State of New York  
1906.

INSIDE the beautiful entrance, a wide old Colonial hall runs back with rooms of splendid size opening from either side. On the left is a vast living room, low studded and with flooring of wide oaken planks and a fine old chimney and mantelpiece, dating back to the days when deep-mouthed fireplaces burned the huge logs of the forest primeval.

Just behind the living room is the wide many-windowed dining room, with a very jolly old sideboard holding some fine Dutch silver. If Miss Janis invites you to dine or lunch with her, and being hospitality's own soul, she will most likely do so, you may experience a faint shock at being faultlessly served by a very modern Japanese butler, but you will probably feel that the Colonial unities are quite preserved when "Callie" the trim colored girl who has been a member of the Janis household for years, peeps in from the butler's pantry to assure herself that all is being done in accordance with the traditions she herself has established as the correct service due "little Miss Elsie."

Above stairs there is the George Washington room, and the cavernously big bed rooms of other days—three in number—with modern bath rooms and delicious little winding narrow stairs leading to dormer windowed attics where the servants are quartered.

OF course, Philipse Manor would be incomplete without wide sweeping old-fashioned gardens, and these stretch all around the house gently melting into vegetable patches that are the personal pride and care of Miss Janis and her mother. "Elsie's corn patch," Elsie's lettuce bed, Elsie's bean vines and pie plant all flout a summer luxuriance and promising toothsome things for the family table.

Under the stone wall so happily restored by the present occupants of this historic demesne, Mrs. Janis has built a fine tennis court, and a dam has been thrown across the stream to make a swimming pool shaded by willows and haunted by song birds. Just a step across the road is Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where rest many of the old Philipses, and where is buried Washington Irving, who immortalized this neighborhood in many of his legends of Sleepy Hollow. Here, too, sleep Van Warts and Pauldings, whose tombstones hold reminders of Major André and Benedict Arnold. Can you imagine a more charmed and charming home? And is it not indeed true that in this delicious environment Life is very kind to Elsie Janis?

OF course, the answer is a deep, covetous sigh, but cheer up, Miss Janis is obliged to leave this fine old home for a six weeks' trip to London, before beginning rehearsals in September, and she is looking around for some appreciative actor or actress to whom she may lend Philipse Manor, during the most sultry parts of July and August. Perhaps if you rend high heaven with prayers, Allah may send that Miss Janis' home may be yours during her brief absence in war-torn Europe.

H. T. B.





1. *Philipse Manor, once Washington's Headquarters and now the home of Elsie Janis.*
2. *The historic spot where Miss Philipse declined the hand of George Washington.*
3. *Elsie Janis by her own fireside.*
4. *George Washington's bedroom.*

Photos White







Byron

SCENE IN LORD DUNSANY'S PLAY "A NIGHT AT AN INN" AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE

## THE MOST TALKED OF PLAYLET OF THE YEAR



THE Neighborhood Playhouse, located at 466 Grand Street, is quite the most inaccessible and surely the most surprising theatre in New York. To not a few of those accustomed to moving on parallel lines marked by Broadway and Fifth Avenue, a trip to the neat little building, hemmed in on all sides by tenements, pushcarts, Hebrew homes and

Hebrew institutions, became an adventure and a fashionable fad during the past season. It was a novel experience touched with a strange piquancy—this discovery of art on Grand Street. The first impression, if not the last, was one of pleased bewilderment, not unlike that which might accompany the finding of an orchid in a cabbage patch.

BUT the Neighborhood institution is in reality an entirely legitimate growth—the natural outcome of a seed of culture planted and nourished by a number of energetic men and women, whose last thought was the creation of a fresh sensation for critical visitors. Before the inviting little playhouse came into being; before Grand Street was more than a forbidding name to Broadway habitués, the artistic spirit of the neighborhood has been developed into a definite accomplishment that warranted the erection of a suitable building. Ten years ago the movement had its inception in dancing classes conducted by the Misses Alice and Irene Lewisohn; four years ago the dramatic group was formed, and now, with the Misses Lewisohn, Helen Arthur and Agnes B. Morgan in charge, there are groups of sincere, gifted amateurs skilled in the various arts, music and painting included.

Miss Arthur's special department is the drama.

*Lord Dunsany's powerful playlet, "A Night at an Inn," which recently made a sensation at the Neighborhood Playhouse, and which no fewer than six Broadway managers are trying to secure for presentation.*

By LYNDE DENIG

As the plays are staged and acted under her direction, she may be termed the producer of "A Night at an Inn," probably the most talked of one-act thriller of the year—a work that six prominent managers have tried to buy without avail, for Lord Dunsany, the author, is a captain in the English army, who thus far has been too busy fighting to be able to attend to the disposal of the dramatic rights.

"A Night at an Inn" was a gift to the Neighborhood Players under circumstances that must cause practical theatrical men to shake their heads hopelessly over the business short-sightedness of some—not many—impulsive authors. Last year, "The Glittering Gate," another of Lord Dunsany's works, was produced at the Playhouse and, as usual, great care was taken to give the playlet an appropriate atmosphere. A model of the stage set, accompanied by a picture of the completed scene, was sent to the author and it pleased him immensely. Not content with thanking the Neighborhood Players for having visualized his ideas more satisfactorily than they had been visualized before, Lord Dunsany sent them "A Night at an Inn" with his compliments. Incidentally, it may be added, he has received such royalties as a house with a total intake of \$155 a performance permits. There have been no vacant seats.

THREE plays preceded the sensational attraction, for it became no less after a quantity of unsolicited newspaper publicity. Easily the most notable of the introductory offerings,

in idea, treatment and acting was "With the Current," a sketch of Russian character, showing the conflict resulting from the birth of new ideas in the stifling atmosphere of strict religious convention, written by Sholom Asch and translated from the Yiddish by Jacob Robbins. The Neighborhood Players gave the sketch its first English presentation, performances of particular merit being supplied by Bella Nodell and David Solomon. In "The Price of Coal," a work of less significance, Miss Nodell revealed even more convincingly a rare emotional quality. Next the audience received an exaggerated farce with kindly good humor, although the fun, however effective it may have been in the original Russian version, became a bit labored in the English translation.

And then came "A Night at an Inn," gripping, intense, shocking, a thriller that would have fitted perfectly into the repertory of the Princess Theatre during the régime of Holbrook Blinn and his company. The curtain rises on a stage set to represent the tap room of an old English inn. It is early evening and one is made to feel that the building, untenanted save for the four men in view, is located on a gloomy moor. Beyond the windows there is heavy darkness and within an eerie half-light cast by the fire burning in the grate, before which a man is seated smoking a cigarette and unconcernedly reading a newspaper.

His back is turned to three rough sailors, who are carrying on an excited, slightly hysterical conversation at the other side of the room. We soon learn that they have stolen a jewel from an idol in an Indian temple, that they have been tracked for thousands of miles by three priests of Klesh, and that one of the sailors is childishly elated over his cunning in eluding their pursuers.

THE man seated in front of the fire takes no part in the discussion, yet it is always evident that he is the dominant spirit in the room. He is correctly dressed, *débonair*, imperturbable and obviously the sailors are accustomed to do his bidding. They refer to him as Toff, and, without having (Continued on page 38)



# "THE STAMPEDE"—HUGE SHOW OF WESTERN LIFE



Photo courtesy Great Northern RR.

THE SKY LINE, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, MONTANA

**A**UGUST 5th to August 12th New York will be completely under the whooping spell of the West. We shall see at the Sheephead Bay Speedway a mammoth celebration, exposition and competitive arenic tournament in frontier sports under the name of "The Stampede," which, it is confidently hoped, will be the biggest popular outdoor event of a decade.

Fifty thousand dollars in cash prizes and world championship titles will reward supremacy in all branches of the manly frontier sports. More than one thousand cowboys and cowgirls have enlisted in the competition. Trains of contestants and spectators are coming from points as far distant as California.

**G**UY WEADICK, a young Westerner who is the highest authority in activities of the rangeland, will be director general of the huge jubilee. Mexico, South America and Australia will be officially represented. Every Western United States senator and governor is giving sentimental and material support. Harry S. Harkness, August Belmont, W. A. Harriman, Vice-President of the Union Pacific Railroad; Judge R. L. Lovett, John G. Milburn, Jr., Ralph Pulitzer, Lewis J. Spence and William B. Walker are among those who have honored the event by serving as patrons. Sir Thomas Lipton and the Earl of Lonsdale have cabled their acceptances.



GUY WEADICK  
Director general of "The Stampede"

**T**HE occasion will witness a gigantic round-up and reunion of the men who made Western history, who knew the West when the shriek of the locomotive was unheard and before the losing fight against barbed wire and the steam plow—old-timers who prepared the way for those who came later; pioneers who drove ox-wagons, stage-coaches, prairie schooners and mule teams and rode pony express in the early

days of hardship and struggle against weather and starvation. They will foregather at "The Stampede" to exchange hearty greetings, to reminisce, to hobnob and swap yarns, to renew old friendships, and many of them to match their prowess, amid the flourish of hoofs and horns in the arena, with the boy and girl "young 'uns" for the purses and honors which will reward



TRYING TO RIDE  
A BUCKING HORSE

supremacy in all departments of spectacular Western endeavor.

**T**HE arenic program will introduce, according to the announcement of The Stampede, "cowgirls, cowboys, plainsmen, pioneers, old-timers and heroes of the wilderness; hunters, trappers, scouts, guides, master and



A BLACKFOOT INDIAN BELLE

mistress equestrians; kings and queens of the lariat; men and women sharpshooters; bucking and wild horse and cattle champions; relay race celebrities, horse wranglers, steer bulldoggers and ropers; rough riders, line riders, range riders, trail drivers, Texas rangers, pony express veterans; Mexican vaqueros, señoritas and Guardias Rurales; Australian stockmen; South American llama drivers, gauchos and bolo throwers; North American Indians; range-fed, original long-horned Texas steers; wild Mexican cattle; chuck wagons, historic stage coaches, prairie schooners, burros, ox-teams; pack trains and every other (Continued on page 41)



A RACE OF WESTERN STAGE COACHES  
DRIVEN BY OLD TIMERS



*The Leading  
Comedienne and  
Some Pretty  
Girls at the  
Winter Garden*



Apeda

BLANCHE PARKS



Apeda

DOROTHY WEST



Matzene

FLORENCE MOORE

Who plays a leading  
comedy rôle



Apeda

HENRIETTE FAUST



Apeda

JANE BARTON



Apeda

EMILY MILES



# The Theatre that Comes to You



Levick The Portmanteau Theatre as it is transported

THE disciples of the little theatre multiply. Time was when the tiny Berkeley Lyceum with its Californian title and Elizabethan simplicity, its Shavian atmosphere and its Arnold Daly activities, was quite the last word in *théâtres intimes*. But since then we have the Little Theatre, the Bandbox Theatre, the Neighborhood Playhouse, the Children's Theatre, the Punch and Judy Theatre and the Thimble Theatre, all of New York City; the Chicago Little Theatre of Maurice Browne, the Philadelphia Little Theatre of Mrs. Jay and the Boston Toy Theatre of Mrs. Gale, to say nothing of the Milwaukee Little Theatre of Mrs. James Stewart, and the Duluth Little Theatre of the Drama League, and an ever-increasing supply of semi-similarly conceived ideas with regard to "intimacy in the theatre."

It might seem to the laity that the last word had been spoken. This, however, is not the case. All that has gone before and is now going, seems but the prologue, as it were, of a somewhat continuous performance wherein not only "little theatres," so-called, but really big ideas—executed in a somewhat diminutive style it is true—are forging to the front and making history in the theatre.



Edgar Stehli and McKay Morris in "Gammer Gurton's Needle"



White The theatre set up and ready



Wilmot Heitland, Nancy Winston and Florence Wollersen in "The Lady of the Weeping Willow Tree," a Japanese legend play



White A striking scene in black and white in the Portmanteau Theatre production of "The Moon Lady"

SUCH an idea, remarkably carried out to a definite and practical result, is the Portmanteau Theatre, styled by Stuart Walker, its creator and designer: "The Theatre That Comes to You." And in this, the very latest of the little theatre ideas, Mr. Walker has become at once the surprise and despair of his predecessors in this field. For behold, while all of the theatres mentioned must, by reason of their very steel and concrete (or just plain brick and mortar, as the case may be) remain in the apportioned place designated by their respective contractors and builders—and tax collectors, Mr. Walker's Portmanteau Theatre is not bound by any such limi-

tations. Neither moorings nor foundations, nor anchorage nor girders, nor anything that is on the earth, nor the rain above nor the muddy streets below can in any way keep the Portmanteau from entertaining its public. For be it known that Mr. Walker's playhouse can elude any earthly ties just because it can be carried about in wagons or on trucks, in suit cases or in trunks, or upon the backs of the actors.

IN many respects The Portmanteau is the last word in little theatres. But since its proscenium opening measures twenty-five feet wide and sixteen feet high, and its stage allows for a depth of eighteen feet actual playing space, it is not so "little" as its name might suggest. The greatest single feature of Mr. Walker's playhouse is its portability. It can be set up in any fairly sized room from the library of a Fifth Avenue town house to the more ample auditorium of a Madison Square Garden or equally spacious building. School rooms, club houses, Y. M. or Y. W. C. A.'s; armories, churches and country clubs all come within the scope of possibility and practicability where The Portmanteau is concerned.

THE Portmanteau Theatre is, in short, a twentieth century cart of Thespis, created and built to travel complete from footlights to stage door exit, from city to city, supplying entertainment in the Market Square (or its modern equivalent) much on the order of the strolling players of the Elizabethan era. It is a movable, portable playhouse, the handiwork of Stuart Walker, for six years David Belasco's general stage director and a man intimately acquainted with the theatre. It can be carried in ten boxes, its total weight being only 1,500 pounds. It has a remarkable lighting system, devoid of footlights, not duplicated anywhere in America and which is Mr. Walker's own.

The Portmanteau is adapted to any style of play, from the ultra-impressionistic to the ultra-realistic or modern type now considered the proper thing in present-day theatricals. The stage is completely equipped with a cyclorama, wings, borders and various sets of scenery.



Gregory Kelly and Nancy Winston in "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil"

Harrie Fumade in "Gammer Gurton's Needle"





© Strauss-Peyton

#### A NEW PORTRAIT OF FRITZI SCHEFF

This one time favorite of the Metropolitan, where she was known as the "little devil of the Opera House," has recently been touring the United States in vaudeville. Her success in comic opera, such as "Mlle. Modiste," "The Prima Donna," etc., is a matter of stage history.





Moffett  
JOHN BARRYMORE  
In a typical light comedy rôle

WHO would have believed, a short two seasons ago, that John Barrymore's gay and ebullient gift of comedy accompanied a power for reflecting the sternly tragic images of life? That mute, unlit despair in its poignant and soul shaking silences was also within the range of his interpretative talent?

Ethel Barrymore held that conviction: but I am afraid she was quite alone in her faith. And the manager who put Miss Barrymore's belief to the test was not Winthrop Ames, not Daniel Frohman, not David Belasco, not any of the men whose classic aims have given the stage its spasmodic seasons of "high brow" drama, but A. H. Woods, who presented Mr. Barrymore in one of Willard Mack's thrillers bearing the far from scholarly title "Kick In."

IN the rôle of a young criminal who refused to squeal on a pal (if you will pardon the vernacular in which "Kick In" is written and in which it is perhaps most fittingly described) Mr. Barrymore gave a performance a-thrill with gripping power, but as simple and repressed in expression, as broad and human in conception, as has been contributed to our stage in years. The fine restraint of it startled our critics out of their self possession. With one accord they viewed his first performance as a joke. That "Jack" Barrymore, whose comedy style had been almost as jumpy as James T. Powers', could get inside the rôle of a human derelict half submerged in the sea of evil circumstance, was an impossibility to the guild. It puzzled them; it irritated them; and so they derided it.

"Do go and see 'Kick In,'" said Ethel Barrymore to me, one evening when I strolled into her dressing room between the acts of "The Shadow," for a chat.

"Shall I like him?" I questioned, dubiously; "him," of course, being young John.

"Like him? You'll LOVE him," declared his sister. "He gives not only the best performance I have ever seen him send across the footlights, but one of the finest things I have ever seen in the theatre. Do go and watch him, and think what a 'regular actor' would do with such

a part." And so very true was Miss Barrymore's estimate of her brother's work in the Willard Mack play, that for the rest of the season, I haunted the Republic Theatre profoundly thankful to whatever dramatic deities inspired Mr. Barrymore's performance.

AND then came Galsworthy with "Justice."

A pitiless arraignment of the present prison system in this country, which was written as a protest against the similar cell conditions in England, "Justice" was brought to New York with a record of having overturned the existing order in English prisons and wrought a prison reform in Great Britain as sweeping as those brought about by Howard and Wilberforce in earlier days. Terrible in its bald simplicity, "Justice" introduced Mr. Barrymore in the rôle of a young law clerk, Falder by name, who stands between the pitiless justice of the law, and the possible pitiful salvation of a chance to reform. This chance which lies in the hands of his employer, is not given, and the boy perishes. It is as logical as the most inexorable and merciless of Greek tragedies—this play which is as modern as to-morrow in its structure, and as old as ten thousand yesterdays in its remorseless fulfilment of the law.

Mr. Barrymore's rôle is quite the shortest one, so far as words go, ever played outside of pantomime, by a leading actor. He has scarcely a half-dozen speeches in any act, and yet he dominates even the scenes from which he is wholly absent, by sheer power of projecting personality—not his own, but Falder's—into the play.

GO and ask how he does it," said the editor. And I did.

A warm June night had wrought wild ravage in the pallor of Mr. Barrymore's prison make-up, as he paused to chat with THE THEATRE'S representative while he repaired his complexion and added a haggard line or two to his furrowed brow.

"How is it," I asked, "that you are able to throw to the four winds all the comedy with which you have been identified in the past and create so gripping a tragic rôle as that of Falder?"

"May I smoke?" irrelevantly questioned Mr. Barrymore, and having lit a cigarette, and wafted several rings toward the ceiling, he musingly replied: "I suppose it all comes under the head of acting. It's accident, more or less, whether a man is called upon to play one line of part or another."

"But what IS acting?" I demanded, lightly hurling into the air the question which has from time immemorial been asked by every dramatist from Aeschylus to Augustus Thomas, and by students of the stage whose numbers are as the sands of the sea. Without a moment's pause, and with a steady gaze that followed a thread of vanishing blue smoke straight out of the window into the vague beyond, Mr. Barrymore defined the indefinable and gave expression to the inexpressible.

ACTING," he said, "is the art of saying a thing on the stage as if you believed every word you utter to be as true as the eternal verities of life; it is the art of doing a thing on the stage as if the logic of the event demanded

that precise act and no other; and of doing and saying the thing as spontaneously as if you were confronted with the situation in which you were acting, for the first time."

For some years we have been accustomed to seeing Mr. Barrymore in dashing comedy rôles demanding a pervasive and bubbling briskness. Can you forget him as the young wireless operator in "The Dictator"? Shall you ever lose the cherished memory of his gay imitation of Mr. "Kid" McCoy in Augustus Thomas' "The Other Girl"?

Shall you not always recall his jumpy absurdities in "Toddles"? His imperturbable airiness in "The Fortune Hunter" and "Believe Me Xantippe"? And in the "Movies"! Where is the comedian so thistle-down-y as John Barrymore in his droll touch and go methods? He breezes through rollicking comedy rôles like an incarnate laugh, with nothing of the reserve, nothing of the repressed power, the quiet force which mark his work in the Galsworthy masterpiece. "But do you not find it difficult to suppress your own personality and your comedy talent in doing the finer work you accomplish in "Justice"? I asked. Mr. Barrymore looked pained at the bromide.

"A man isn't an actor," he said, until he commands a technique which enables him to get an impression across into the heart of an audience without reference or relation to his own individuality. The better the actor, the more completely is he able to eliminate the personal equation, to divorce himself from his impersonation. It is irritating to hear people talk about 'David Warfield parts,' or 'John Drew parts,' about 'Leo Ditrichstein parts,' or 'Mrs. Fiske parts,' as if such fine and genuine art as theirs were circumscribed to a narrow, personal form of expression.

TAKE the case of Leo Ditrichstein for example. Nothing can be less like Mr. Ditrichstein than a Leo Ditrichstein part. Mr. Ditrichstein is a serious, scholarly, musical gentleman, and yet because he has no peer in portraying the philandering dilettante, he is constantly cast for that type of character. And audiences identify him with that kind of rôles, forgetting or ignoring the fact that the fine technique which enables him to play those gay triflers with brilliant freshness and conviction, would stand him in as good stead in widely different rôles.

"The art of America is poorer to-day because the will of the public obliged an actor so trenchantly equipped for a wide range of rôles as was Joe Jefferson to confine his genius to one line of characterization and to play 'Rip Van Winkle' for a period longer than the lifetime of most actors."

(Continued on page 38)



White  
JOHN BARRYMORE  
as the convict Falder  
in the tragedy, "Justice"





© Strauss-Peyton

**ANNA PAVLOWA**

This Russian artist who first revealed to America the real beauty of the dancing art, is to appear next season at the New York Hippodrome under the management of Charles B. Dillingham.



# Musicians in Holiday Season

By PAUL MORRIS

WITH the war still raging in Europe and sea travel robbed of its joys by the ubiquitous U-boat, almost everyone of prominence among the foreign musical artists visiting America was compelled, on the close of the season, to once more resign himself to spend his hard earned vacation in the United States. Discretion, the artist thinks, is the better part of genius, and he wisely seeks to minimize risks and personal dangers as far as possible. Many of the younger men of Germany, Russia, France and Italy, have been excused from military duty on account of their musical ability, and they do not feel inclined to



© Ira L. Hill  
John McCormack and his family at their summer home, Tokeneke Park, near Stamford, Conn.

sons who are on his estate near Florence, Italy. He decided immediately that he must see them. Friends suggested them coming to New York.

"No," answered the hero of a hundred operas. "If there is any danger to be taken, I will take it. I would not let my boys travel when submarines are making sea voyages dangerous."

Hardly was the last operatic performance finished when he sailed for Marseilles. He is now in Florence.

The business of engaging new artists and of hearing new operas makes it necessary for Giulio Gatti-Casazza, the general manager of the Metropolitan to go to Europe annually. His wife, Mme. Frances Alda, he left behind to enjoy the quiet of her Long Island summer home, but personally he obeyed the call of duty and is now in Italy.



Mme. Emma Fames and her husband, E. de Gogorza, at Bath, Me.



Mischa Elman (back turned), Fritz Kreisler (in foreground), and Leopold Godowsky (in background)



Louise Homer and her children at Rye, N. Y.

tempt fate by returning to their native haunts. They might be retained. It is much safer in Maine or California.

A FEW of the regular spring migrants have risked their voices and lives on the sea. Caruso had made up his mind to remain here, for the first time in his long career as principal tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, but shortly before the end of the opera season he received letters from his two



Ernestine Schumann-Heink in California



Maggie Teyte



Fritz Kreisler and Ernest Schelling playing chess on the porch of Mr. Schelling's home at Bar Harbor



The members of the Flonzaley Quartet get so much exercise handling their baggage that they need no vacation

OF all the enticing summer retreats of this continent the Maine woods have the greatest attraction for musical people. For years Bar Harbor has been called the musical capital of the United States during the summer. In general, however, musicians avoid fashionable resorts. Newport, Lenox, and Southampton have their private *musicales*, but few artists mingle generally with their social life. Bar Harbor, likewise, is too fashionable, but the real center of summer musical life is only a few miles distant at Seal Harbor, on Mount Dessert Island, just off the coast of Maine. Here the greatest gathering of musical talent ever assembled at one summer resort in this country for a whole season has gone to enjoy the solitude of the wild woods as well as the bracing atmosphere of the ocean. For at Seal Harbor the woods and the ocean meet and only a mile from the shore there are mountains over one thousand feet in height.

THE Seal Harbor colony is made up principally of instrumentalists. Singers have avoided it. Perhaps the dense fogs which blow in from the sea frequently during June and July have been found to be harmful to vocal cords. Nearly all of the pianists who are now in America will be in the Mount Dessert gathering. Leopold Godowsky, Harold Bauer, Ossip Gabrilowitsch and his wife, Mme. Clara Clemens, Carl Friedberg, Mme. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, and Mme. Olga Samaroff are to be at Seal Harbor. Ignace Paderewski is to spend part of





RITA HOLIVEL

Recently seen in "Mrs. Boltay's Daughters" and now appearing with the Oliver Morosco Film Co.

the summer at Bar Harbor, Josef Hoffman will be at Northeast Harbor, another of the Mount Desert Island resorts and Miss Ethel Leginska will be near Bar Harbor. Several violinists including Fritz Kreisler and Eddy Brown will also be at Seal Harbor and Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony Society, and Leopold Stokowski, director of the Philadelphia Orchestra, will be there, as well.

**W**ITHIN sight of Mount Desert Island on the main land is Blue Hill, Me., where the Kniesel Quartet will spend the summer months surrounded by a small group of other musicians including Horatio Parker, composer of the operas "Mona" and "Fairland" and other well-known musical works. Mme. Emma Farnes and her husband, Emilio de Gogorza, have a permanent home in Bath, Me., where they will pass the hot months, and Mme. Olive Fremstad will bury herself until fall in a wilderness not far from Harrison, Me.

Others who will find inspiration from the wilds of Maine woods and lakes are Rudolph Ganz, pianist, Miss Christine Miller, Reinald Werrenrath, Lambert Murphy, Paul Althouse, and Miss Caroline White, singers. Leo Ornstein has taken a log cabin in the northern part of the State in which he expects to write reams of futuristic music.

**W**HILE pianists and violinists are getting the benefit of the Northern woods, many of the best singers are seeking relief from the cares of operatic and concert stages in the Adirondack Mountains. Next to Seal Harbor the most important musical settlement this summer is at Lake Placid. Here Mme. Marella Sembrich, Mme. Alma Gluck and Efrem Zimbalist, Ignace Paderewski, Pasquale Amato, Rubin Goldmark, Miss Sophie Braslau, and many others have leased summer homes. Mme. Margarete Ober, Otto Goritz and other members of the Metropolitan Opera Company have cottages on the shores of Segoon Lake, and Mme. Louise Homer and her family are on Lake George.

Others who are enjoying life in the Adirondacks are Lucia Botta, Miss Anna Pitzin and Miss Julia Heinrich of the Metropolitan.

John McCormack, Irish tenor, who always has strenuous concert seasons, believes also in strenuous vacations. To pass away the spare moments between boating, swimming, and tennis at his summer home near Stamford, Conn., he has hired a sparring partner, Jack Cooper, with whom he is holding daily bouts. Mme. Johanna Gadski is another singer who will spend the summer near Stamford.

Mischa Elman does not believe in musical colonies. "I get enough music during the season," he confided before going to Gloucester, Mass., for a restful vacation. Pablo Casals, and his wife, Mme. Susan Metcalf Casals, soprano, also believe musicians should take their vacation in an unmusical locality. They are at Stockbridge, Mass.

**L**ONG ISLAND has attracted many lights of the musical world. Mme. Frances Alda has a house at Great Neck, Johannes Sembach is at Edgemere; Mme. Germaine Schmitzer, Austrian pianist, is at Cedarhurst, and Louis Graveure, mysterious concert singer, whom many persons believe to be Wilfred Doughtitt of "The Lilac Domino" fame is at Islip with his wife, Miss Eleanor Painter.

New Jersey has few charms for musical people. However, a few operatic artists have braved the proverbial Jersey mosquitoes. Mme. Margarete Matzenauer, whose husband, Edouardo Ferrari Fontani, is with the Italian Army in Italy, is at West End. Giovanni Zenatello and his wife, Mme. Maria Gay, of the Boston Opera Company, and Henri Scott of the Metropolitan are at Atlantic City.

Miss Edith Mason, of the Metropolitan, is spending her summer in Colorado; Miss Lucrezia Bori is in the Blue Ridge Mountains; Riccardo Martin is in Louisville, Ky., and Frederic Martin is in Bristol, Tenn.

Before the war Canada was a favorite summering place for many artists, but now it is in

a restless state and only a few musicians will go there for recreation. In the wilds of Nova Scotia, Miss Florence Hinkle, one of the best oratorio sopranos, hopes to find that peaceful quietness which is lacking in the cities. Boris Hambourg, cellist, born a Russian, naturalized an Englishman, also will spend some of his vacation months in Canada.

**M**USICIANS, appearing before the public, seldom get the wanderlust. Trains, hotels and change of scenery are part of their daily grind during the concert season. Consequently few of them take long trips for pleasure. However, there are exceptions. Mme. Katharine Goodson, English pianist, and her husband, Arthur Hinton, a prominent composer, will travel during most of their spare months this year. San Francisco, Honolulu and Australia are on the route which they will take for their vacation travels. At Honolulu they will find Adamo Didur, who became famous almost overnight in the title rôle of "Boris Godunoff" at the Metropolitan Opera House a few seasons ago.

Another who will have a high mileage record to his credit before the opening of the 1916-1917 operatic season is Arthur Bodansky, conductor of German opera at the Metropolitan. He has started for California via the Colorado Grand Canon, and while in the West he will take a little side trip up to Alaska.

California next to Maine and the Adirondacks is the favorite playground of musical celebrities.

Fireless as well as versatile is Miss Geraldine Farrar, prima donna, concert singer and motion picture actress. She divides her year into three parts and snatches a few days of restful recreation between engagements. Now she is in the midst of her moving picture season and is at Hollywood, Cal.

**A**N annual summer resident of California is Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, and although she has not yet filled all of her concert engagements for the season will spend most of





White  
CONSTANCE COLLIER AS MISTRESS FORD AND HENRIETTA CROSMAN AS MISTRESS PAGE IN SIR HERBERT TREE'S PRODUCTION OF  
"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR"



her time between now and October at the home of one of her daughters in San Diego.

Only two singers from the Metropolitan ventured the South American trip this year, Mme. Maria Barrientos the little Spanish coloratura soprano who in spite of the handicap caused by a small voice captured New York, heart and soul, with her runs and trills, and Giovanni Martinelli, next to Caruso the most valuable of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's tenors, both are singing in the Teatro de Colon at Buenos Ayres.

MME. BARRIENTOS with her six-year-old son and her mother sailed for France late in May. First she went to Paris and later to her native Barcelona. Now she is in Buenos

Ayres prepared for a three month's operatic season. She will not return to this city until November, and will not return to the Metropolitan Opera Company until February, when she is expected to appear in the revival of Delibes "Lakme."

Mr. Martinelli with his wife and three-months-old baby will also sing three months at the Teatro de Colon, but he is to rejoin the Metropolitan forces during its first week in November.

A FEW operatic artists have decided to spend their summer near Chicago. Along the shore of Lake Michigan about three quarters of an hour's ride toward Milwaukee there is an open air theatre. It is at Ravinia Park in a

beautiful grove of oak trees. For several years this has been the musical center of the West during the summer months and symphonic and operatic performances have been held there nightly for the benefit of those who wish to get away from the heat of the city. Mme. Mabel Garrison who has been singing small rôles at the Metropolitan with real distinction will try her voice in the principal parts during a two month's opera season at Ravinia. Mme. Rosina Galli, the première danseuse of the same organization is to dance at Ravinia Park and her dancing partner, M. Bonfiglio, will also be seen there.

America is proving so attractive that the annual spring migration for Europe may eventually be discontinued.



White

Gathering of two hundred prominent players and dramatists at the House Cooling given by Virginia Harned Courtenay and William Courtenay to celebrate the re-opening of their home near Rye, N. Y.

## PLAYERS AT THE SEASON'S LARGEST STAGE PARTY

THESE is one blessing conferred upon the actor by the "long run," and that is a social life that was unknown in the palmy days, when players had to learn dozens of new parts every season and had no time for gaieties. It is a well-known trait of player folk to flock by themselves in their merry-makings, and when one star or another gives a party—and most theatrical gatherings—whether luncheons, dinners, or balls are called parties—there are all the other stars gathered together in blazing glories of brilliancy.

AT the parties given by William Faversham and Julie Opp, one meets all the staid and dignified set of actors, with a sprinkling of writers and a social luminary or two—usually a visiting English person of title.

The Walter Hales attract hosts of nice actresses, and lots of literary and artistic luminaries. All the highbrows and earnest persons of the profession swear by the fine scholarly quality of the parties at which Otis Skinner or Francis Wilson are hosts, and when Mr. and Mrs. David Belasco give their annual reception at Mr. Belasco's wonderful studio, every one of the Who's Who set in art, literature or the stage, is to be found gasping with delight at the famous Belasco collection of *objets d'art*.

John Drew, Ethel Barrymore and Elsie Janis include quite as many social celebrities on their guest list, as stage stars, and the literary quality prevails when Margaret Mayo and Edgar Selwyn

throw open their home to their friends. Blanche Bates is famous for the delightful entertainments she used to give before her marriage and the care of two wonderful babies drew her away from the stage for awhile. There are whispers about a wonderful play for Miss Bates, and it is possible that before you read this, you will have heard interesting hints of her speedy return to a field where no one has ever taken her place, and from which she has been too long absent. Blanche Ring must not be forgotten, nor must Geraldine Farrar be left out when one is mentioning famous hostesses of the stage.

BUT the pre-eminent star of social stars, is without dispute Virginia Harned Courtenay, who with her husband, William Courtenay heads the receiving line at the most distinguished gatherings of dramatic clans. If there is a salon in New York at the present moment, Mrs. Courtenay certainly holds it when she gathers about her representatives from every art and all branches of science, and fuses their widely different elements into a delightful social whole. Numerous small entertainments, and the largest stage party of the season have drawn Mrs. Courtenay's friends together this winter, the latter occasion being a "House Cooling" given to celebrate the reopening of her home near Rye, which was damaged by fire some months ago. At this event which took place a few Sunday evenings ago, two hundred guests made

merry in the great garage, where stage celebrities danced until daylight with brilliant figures from the world of literature, of art, of politics and of finance.

AT the stroke of midnight a flashlight photograph of the stage guests was taken, and THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is able for the first time to show its readers what a stage party really looks like. Run your eye over the picture and find your favorite player—he is there and so is she. Do you see Ethel Barrymore standing at the extreme left? There is Mrs. David Belasco near her, and Julia Dean, and Fannie Ward, Blanche Bates and Geraldine Farrar are not far away. John Drew is there and Chauncey Olcott, Roi Cooper Megrue and Gus McHugh—if you like playwrights, Edgar Selwyn, Margaret Mayo, Baldwin Sloane and his stunning wife, Margot Gordon, for several seasons leading woman with Maude Adams, Louise Drew and Marjorie Wood, Jane Grey and William Tucker, William L. Abingdon, Blanche Ring and Charles Winninger, Mrs. Chauncey Olcott and George Creel, Daisy Humphreys and Bijou Fernandez, Frank Connor, Jack Deane, Elsie Janis, Edward Martindale, all the English actors in town—you can't see Sir Herbert Tree, but, of course, he's there, John Hazzard, Ralph Kellard, Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner, Marion Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Gest, Marie Tempest, Laurette Taylor—just look them out—they are all among those present.



# The Story of a Cinderella Man

By Ada Patterson

I HAVE found a man who likes fairy stories. Found him in a high office of a sky-scraping building in New York. He was tall and thin, and truth forces me to admit that he was bald. But brown eyes of youth and humor gleamed at me through the eye-glasses of middle age, and a boyish smile made his face seem years younger than his features or the betraying baldness, fringed by rapidly graying hair, denoted.

Edward Childs Carpenter is himself something of a "Cinderella Man." At least disappointment and the discipline of life have not passed him by, and he has known a man who discredited his ability to such point that he said: "You have no brain for business, or so far as I can see, for anything else."

STRANGELY, this judgment of his immediate superior in the office of a great corporation did not depress him. Dimly and youthfully, he realized that a man is like a horse. He tries many gaits before discovering and settling down to his own. Edward Childs Carpenter tried several forms of livelihood earning activity. His family, which was of New England, and intensely earnest, likewise practical, decided that he should go to Pittsburgh and become a Steel King. The steel potentate for whom he labored dismissed him after a few weeks' trial with the harsh words I have quoted. Harsh but not depressing. In truth Edward Childs Carpenter was delighted, for absolute monarchies were without appeal to him, and the glint of steel did not dazzle him. The only realm that interested him was Fairyland. He liked fairy stories. He still likes them. He has read everyone of which he ever heard. If you know and will recommend to him one which has escaped his attention, he will be your fervent friend.

He deemed it of value to his future career, not as a business man, to become a stenographer. At eighteen he became private secretary of the president of an enterprise which eventuated in the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey. He resided in Newark, New Jersey, by day and came to New York by night to see plays. He hired a typewriting machine, enthroned it in the best light in his hall bedroom, and began writing plays. It was in this period of his slow evolution toward *The Thing He Wished To Be* that something wondrous happened. He met an actor. Timidly he confided to this personage his ambition to become a playwright. Said the actor: "You must go on the stage."

THE young man who would not be a Steel King accepted the suggestion. He resigned his secretaryship and took a minor engagement in a stock company. He went on the road with a melodrama. When he reached the voting age, he formed a working partnership with a young



Photos White  
EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER  
Author of "The Cinderella Man"

capitalist and put out a Shakespearean Repertoire Company. With this ambitious aggregation Mr. Carpenter confesses that he essayed Hamlet, Romeo, Iago, Bassanio, Richmond, Petruchio and Claude Melnotte. Perhaps for this reason, and aided by contributory reasons, the life tenure of the company was short. It ended ingloriously after three weeks.

Followed a period of rounds of the New York dramatic agencies and managers' offices. Nowhere were his claims recognized. The young man returned to Philadelphia, and joined a news-

BUT he was not content to be a good newspaper man. Not that he did not regard such post as one of honor and enjoyment, but because it was not *The Thing He Wished To Be*. He looked above the rim of the day's work out at the beckoning fields of richer endeavor. And he struggled towards those fields steadily, confidently, with unvarying belief that some day he would reach them. Two generations away, in his genealogy was a Methodist, circuit-riding preacher, square-jawed, of determined eyes and sincere eloquence. Thence and through a succeeding generation of what the family term "imaginative letter writers," came the gift. As I have said, he likes fairy stories. Those persons who like fairy stories have a profound belief that the stories will come true. Our Cinderella Man came into his own this season.

THE idea of 'The Cinderella Man' came to me after reading a fairy story. It was 'The Snow Queen.' I laid down the book and my memory ran back among the fairy stories I had read. Of course, I thought of Cinderella. The other day I came upon the first note I ever made of the play. It was 'Why not a man who is like Cinderella?' I have no doubt that the thought grew out of the association of ideas with the Cinderella tale in the reverie started by 'The Snow Queen.' The second note which I discovered the other day was 'Bring the girl to him.' For a long time I did not know how to do this. Then, one day, I met a man who told me he was divorced. He explained that, although divorced, he and his wife were good friends. He said that she lived in a house near him, and that she came through a trap-door and across the roofs to his rooms. She came because she pitied him. She thought he was lonely. Another man told me of a similar way of meet-

ing the girl for whom he cared. That convinced me that a couple could meet thus in an innocent and perfectly proper manner. And so I brought the daughter of a millionaire and the penniless Cinderella Man together. Bliss Carman spoke of it yesterday. He said: 'I know that that play happened in Washington Square. That is the only place in this city where mansions back against tumbled-down rookeries.'

I HAD intended asking this new playwright how far credulity might be stretched and whether a carefully reared girl would ever make that across-roofs journey, but truth silences, as it humbles, us.

"Did you write the play while you were on a newspaper?"

"Yes. The idea came to me in November. I worked it out definitely in my mind, and in January saw Mr. Morosco. I told him the story of the play. He liked it. Then I began writing it, and in June had finished."

(Continued on page 39)



PHOEBE FOSTER AND SHELLEY HULL IN "THE CINDERELLA MAN"  
AT THE HUDSON

paper staff. For seventeen years he remained with the newspaper. Beginning as a general reporter he rose upon the rungs of a special writer and various editorial positions to becoming an authority on finance.



THEATRE MAGAZINE AUTOGRAPH GALLERY



Photo Underwood & Underwood

Very Sincerely  
Douglas Fairbanks



# Some Unwritten Stage History

By Milton Nobles

OMAHA in 1867-8 was not exactly a Western metropolis, but it sure was a warm member. What it lacked in art, it made up in atmosphere. There were some board sidewalks, but no street pavements. We had lots of mud when it rained and lots of dust when it didn't. Most people wore their "pants" inside their boot legs. When it was dry we blacked the boots; for full dress we blacked legs and all.

The Academy of Music and a wild and woolly variety show were the only places of entertainment. Possibly amusement would be a better word, but that should be qualified. The Academy was upstairs in a two story building. The theatre occupied one side, and a licensed faro game was directly across the hall. Oil lamps supplied the foot and side lights. The stage was twenty feet deep, with an opening of about the same size. There was a gallery across the end of the hall, with wooden benches, while the first floor was seated with "split bottom" chairs. D. T. Corri was the manager, and the stock company was a good one, including, among others, Virginia Cunningham Germon, Annie Ward, Mrs. De Bar, Jessie Howard, Selden Irwin, Harry Jordan, J. B. Ashton, Mrs. Ashton, Hattie Price, W. T. Harris, Harry Rainforth, Frank Weston, John Germon. Of this company, beside the writer, Frank Weston and Harry Rainforth are still in evidence. The latter was for many years one of the managers of the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati.

MANY famous stars visited us, including John E. Owens, Edwin Adams, Lucille Western, John McCullough, C. W. Couldock and Charlotte Crampton. The latter was one of those phenomenal creatures who force us to recognize the existence of that mysterious something vaguely called genius. She was then, probably, fifty. She had been the leading support of Forrest, the elder Booth and Macready. On a cold January morning she wandered into town from no one knew where, penniless and half clothed. She carried two pieces of excess baggage, a big, dissipated son of probably thirty, and a husband some years younger. The only piece of real baggage among them was a banjo carried by the son. He got a job around the corner at the variety house. They registered at the Hamilton House, adjoining the Academy. The woman was a sight. A dumpy little figure, not more than five feet. She wore an old water proof coat, which covered her from chin to ankles; an old straw hat with the remnants of a dilapidated stage plume. She carried a small bag, about equal to a brush and comb, and possibly a night gown. The two men were without overcoats. They hadn't a trunk, just that little old hand bag and the banjo. In the group about the dingy little office at the time was the afterwards famous Henry M. Stanley. But that will be another story.

AFTER an interview with Manager Corri, the latter went security, and the tragédienne got a room. We



MILTON NOBLES

FOR the third of a century Mr. Nobles has been one of the conspicuous personalities of the American stage. He began at the bottom of the ladder, and rose to stardom through legitimate training. For twenty years his tours, in plays written by himself, covered the entire continent. "The Phoenix" was his first play. Then followed in the order named, "A Man of the People," "Interviews," "Love and Law," "From Sire to Son," "A Son of Thespis," "For Revenue Only," "Under Martial Law," and "The Whirlwind's Harvest." With his wife, Dolly Nobles, he entered vaudeville in 1897.

had a star that week, Helen Western. Crampton was engaged to play the week following. She was to open in "Hamlet." At rehearsal Monday morning it developed that she hadn't a stitch of wardrobe of any kind. This was the week's repertoire: "Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice," "Medea," "Richard the Third" and "Agnes De Vere." We played each with one rehearsal, with a different stock farce each night. All of her costumes were loaned to her by the members of the company. After rehearsal she would fix them over to fit her, with the assistance of the ladies of the company. The woman was indescribable. In each male character she looked a guy, but we soon forgot her looks. Her intensity and vital-

ity were wonderful. In the big scenes the largest men of the company grew small beside her. There was scarcely an attempt at facial make-up. As Shylock she wore an old gray dressing gown, loaned by Frank Weston. She tied a piece of rope around her waist and pulled up the slack. She looked like a bag of old clothes. She wore her own gray hair pinned up and tucked in. She blackened her face with India ink as a substitute for a beard. Above the line of black her face was pallid, not a line or a touch of color. The face looked like a comedy mask. We youngsters got together in corners and roared. But when she got busy, we stopped laughing, we just stared open mouthed. As Medea she looked beautiful—to us. She simply held actors and audience in a spell. Her voice was a deep mellow contralto. Her readings in the standard tragedies were an education. This is not to be wondered at when we recall the actors with whom she had been associated in her prime. In the seventies this phenomenal woman drifted into stock old women. She was for some seasons with Barney Macauley's company, at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati. She passed away in the late seventies.

HENRY M. STANLEY was at this time a Western correspondent of the *N. Y. Herald*. His letters were supposedly written from frontier camps and military posts. Some of them were, no doubt; a great many more were written in a dingy little room in the Hamilton Hotel, Omaha. There was a reason. It was Annie Ward, the pretty soubrette of the Academy Stock Company. This romance is a matter of early Omaha history. He wanted to marry her, too. He gave her a beautiful gold watch—there was also a pretty story of a diamond ring which Annie didn't get because she declined to let Stanley place it on a certain finger. Dainty Annie had lost her heart to a good-looking young clerk in a book store. They married at the end of the season. She supported him in idleness for two or three years, and one day in St. Louis—she was a member of De Bar's stock at the time—she made her final exit by the poison route.

AT the time of which I write, the late Edward Rosewater, founder of the Omaha *Bee*, was a telegraph operator in charge of the Western Union office at Omaha. He was also correspondent of newspapers in Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and New York. Many years afterwards I passed a pleasant afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Rosewater, at the Ponce De Leon, in Saint Augustine. We talked of old days in Omaha, and he told me, among other things, how he came to start the *Bee*. In 1871, he was a member of the Nebraska Legislature. He had secured the passage of a law reorganizing the public schools of Omaha as a metropolitan district. He started the *Bee* to arouse public interest in school matters. It was a folio about the size of a theatre program, circulated free. It carried the theatre announcement and was used as the regular house program. Then he recalled the Stanley incidents.



Sarony  
MRS. FISKE AT THE AGE OF FIVE



The discoverer of Livingston was at the time in this country, delivering his lecture on his African explorations. He was accompanied by his beautiful and gifted wife. While in Omaha they had been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rosewater.

THE morning after the lecture," said Mr. Rosewater, "we took Mr. and Mrs. Stanley for a drive, landing them at the station where they were to take the Overland for Denver. I had instructed the driver to pass the old Academy, which is now being used as a Salvation Army barracks. I watched Stanley's face as we passed the building. He scanned it carefully in a dreamy kind of way, and I fancied a sort of sigh escaped him. I must have smiled, unconsciously, for his manner changed quickly, and he said: 'That's where the old theatre used to be?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'and a few doors above was the old Hamilton House, where you wrote those wonderful frontier letters for the *Herald*.' He laughed heartily."

Stanley had, of course, been nettled when so many American newspapers showed a disposition to question his discovery of Livingston. He said to Rosewater as they were waiting for the train:

"You were among the doubters, too, Edward."

"I had my reasons," laughed his host. "I remembered those frontier, hair-raising 'on the spot' experiences you used to write at my desk in the Western Union office, and which I put on the wires."

And so the newspaper founder and the continent finder parted, merrily. Let us hope they have renewed youth and friendship on the other side.

DETROIT, forty odd years ago, had one little theatre, the Atheneum, and a big up-stairs hall, with stage and scenery, called Young Men's Hall. In the same building with the latter, on Jefferson Avenue, was the principal hotel, the Beecher, or something near that. The Atheneum was on the corner where the great County Court House now stands. It had been a warehouse before being converted into a temple of the drama. It was long and narrow with one gallery. The dressing rooms were, of course, in the cellar, under the stage. An outside stairway from the street down to the cellar constituted the stage entrance.

During the summer of 1868, a stock company occupied the Atheneum. They played spectacular pieces, including "The Black Crook," "The White Fawn," "Aladdin," etc. Tom Davey was the manager and Mrs. Davey (Lizzie Maddern) was the singing soubrette. George Goodale, a youngster in the early twenties, was in his second year as dramatic critic of the *Free Press*. He is still holding down the same job, and what's more to the point, several blocks of stock. Long may he wave!

Between the scenic productions, we would put on standard plays: "Ticket of Leave Man," "Colleen Bawn," "Hidden Hand," etc. Among the members of the company were E. A. Locke, the comedian, and Edward Price.

Several times it was thought she would have to give up, but pluck and nerve kept her in the casts. She was the star of the organization, very popular with the audiences, and simply wouldn't quit. One night, during the run of

"Aladdin" the entire company noticed a wonderful change in her performance and also in her appearance. She looked younger, more petite, acted with more snap and vim; even her singing voice had more music and vitality. Some of us youngsters staring at her forgot our cues and in the choruses we sung worse than usual, if such a feat were possible. At the end of the first act, Mrs. Davey, in street clothes, came on the stage, pale and ill, but smiling through tears, and embraced and kissed Aladdin. Then she introduced her to the members of the company as her sister, Emma. Arriving in Detroit for a brief visit with her sister, and seeing how greatly she was in need of a rest, Emma went on for the part, without rehearsal, and unknown to the members of the company. Even Davey himself knew nothing about it until he saw his sister-in-law on the stage. She played the part two or three nights.

Emma Maddern married the well-known manager, Robert E. Stevens, and they are the parents of Emily Stevens, whose many New York successes, including her current triumph, "The Unchastened Woman," are matters of contemporaneous stage history.

TO return to that baby in the trunk tray, or champagne basket, as the case might happen; one night I had secured the privilege of carrying her home. She was sleeping soundly. Mrs. Davey preceded me up the narrow, dingy stone steps, leading to the street. As she reached the street, Davey, coming around from the front, joined her. Hearing his voice I looked up. I was about half way up the steps. My foot slipped and I fell flat on my stomach, crushing the kid under me. Tom yelled: "What are you trying to do, young man? Do you want to crush the life out of the future Mrs. Siddons?"

The kid didn't even wake up. And the kid was Minnie Maddern that was, Mrs. Fiske that is.

Just a quarter of a century later Minnie Maddern "retired." To her intimates she confided that her stage career had been a failure. She would never act again. "Tess" and "Divorçons" had not then been written, and Becky Sharp was as far from the thoughts of the young star as "The Serpent of the Nile" or "Jephtha's Daughter." The genius of a Dusé had not wrung the heart and flashed like an inspiration through the vivid brain of Tom Davey's temperamental daughter. Some day, in her own crisp, incisive way, she will write a book—she will write it for the help and uplift of her fellow craftsmen. It will span the half-century between that champagne basket in Detroit and the arrival of "Erstwhile Susan."



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KATHARINE KÆLRED

Seen as Mrs. St. Aubyn in the recent revival of 'Beau Brummell'

THE Daveys had a dainty little daughter born in New Orleans some months before. They were not rolling in wealth just at that time, and in the absence of a maid young Miss Davey was brought to the theatre at night, and cozily tucked away in a trunk tray or champagne basket. After the show, Tom being busy in front, some member of the company would carry the youngster up to the big hotel on Jefferson Avenue where the Daveys boarded. That pleasant task frequently fell to the writer, and the acquaintance thus begun continues to the present day. Mrs. Davey was in poor health at the time.



# STAGE SCENERY IN THE MAKING

BY H. K. MODERWELL

WHEN the playwright scribbles his latest masterpiece he usually jots down a few words in parenthesis something like this: "Drawing room, entrances right and left, stairway back centre." These careless words cost the manager from five hundred to a thousand dollars. They set in motion the machinery of a highly expert and specialized department of stage production, which is never mentioned except for a few words in smallest type on the theatre program:

"Scenery by Messrs. Paint and Brush."

What the playwright scribbles with such levity is taken most seriously by the stage director, the scenic artist, a couple of carpenters, half a dozen scene painters and lastly the manager who pays the bill. The day after a play has been put in rehearsal you might see in a tiny room not far from Longacre Square two men in close conference. One is the stage director and the other the scene designer. The

over the country without damage. He has to consider whether the lights will disarrange his color scheme and how dark a blue will appear when there is a red next to it. Moreover he has to exercise a deal of ingenuity to make cork look like a tree trunk, and stenciled cheese-cloth

delicate ingenuity which went into its construction. No, the elaborately minute model is made for a most practical purpose. It is the working orders of the carpenter and scene-painter. It is constructed on a scale of half an inch to the foot, and if one door were a quarter of an inch too high in the model it would come out wrong by just exactly half a foot in the finished scene. If the artist could construct his own scenery, he would not need to go to all this trouble, for he would have all the specifications in his head. But the manager wants the finished set by next Friday, and it is necessary to put half a dozen men on the job. These men cannot be allowed to use their discretion, for their several discretions would not jibe. Even in the painting of a single piece of canvas the brushman must work strictly according to his model; the men who do this work in New York to-day are, with a few exceptions, not creative artists, but highly specialized workmen. So when



MODEL FOR BRIDGE SCENE OF "OLIVER TWIST"  
Designed by Gates and Morange  
An extreme example of artificial perspective

like tapestry, and green velvet like a clipped hedge.

HIS first step is to make his sketches. These may look rough and inartistic to the lay observer, but they are drawn with an elaborate system of short-hand which implies every brace and hinge which will have its place in the finished product. After the sketch comes the model. This is constructed with so much care for detail that the layman would suppose it was intended for a Fifth Avenue display window. Bits of straw are bound together with thread; microscopic pieces of paste-board are cut for miniature chairs and tables; a bit of cork is powdered and sprinkled over gummed card-board to suggest a cement wall. The whole is painted with a delicate water-color brush and pieced together with tiny strips of passe-partout. It would take pages to describe the devices to which the artist has resort in the making of his model.

But don't suppose that he goes to all this trouble for the sake of impressing anybody. The stage director, or the manager, will, perhaps,

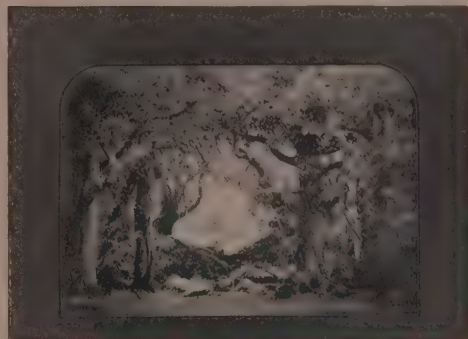


MODEL FOR SHERWOOD FOREST, ACT II, OF  
"ROBIN HOOD"

Designed by Homer F. Emens

The foliage consists of "drops" cut out in silhouette former seems chiefly interested in entrances and exits and properties. From his strictly professional point of view, a scene is all right if it enables his players to get on and off the stage and not bump into a sofa while they are doing it. He has already plotted provisionally the position of each actor during each line, and he must have a setting which will not disarrange his plans. The artist might paint blue monkeys on the scenery and not feaze him; but if he places a chair or a table where it will disturb the emotional exit of the leading lady, the stage director comes down on the designer with thunderous wrath.

BUT after having received casual or fanciful directions from the playwright, and mechanical specifications from the director, the artist has a deal to worry about. He must, of course, have his scenery "in the period," architecturally correct and (presumably) aesthetically pleasing. These things the audience will see, and, on rare occasions, applaud. But the things he worries about most are the things the audience will never see, and must not see. He must make his scenery so that it can be set up and taken down quickly, so that it will stand firmly while it is up. He must make it as light as possible, and must see to it that it can be folded up and put in a box-car and carried



MODEL FOR ACT II OF "AS YOU LIKE IT"  
Designed by Frank Platzer  
An elaborate effort towards realism

you have seen the model you have seen the finished product.

THIS particular part of the behind-the-scenes life of the theatre was vividly presented to laymen recently in a collection of theatrical models made by Mr. William H. Lippincott, himself a scene designer, and exhibited in the rooms of the Century Association in New York. Here one could study at leisure the devices by which the professional scenic artist builds his castles and his slums, conjures his forests, applies color and suggests distance. Many visitors to the exhibition, no doubt, had their eyes opened to the complexity of stage production, and were brought to realize what a lot they are asking of the world when they frivolously scribble a play in spare moments.

For though the mechanical building of stage scenery may not be an exalted artistic activity, it is a profession which demands our respect. The day is quite past when the "stage set" meant a single painted drop and half a dozen painted flies at the sides, together with a few ill assorted properties picked up in the second-hand shop. Nowadays hanging canvas plays but a small part on the stage. The stage house is built rather than painted. Its walls are of canvas stretched (Continued on page 38)



MODEL FOR ACT I OF "THE OLD HOMESTEAD"  
Designed by Homer F. Emens

A perfect example of the old-fashioned setting, which reproduces all details

glance at the model to-morrow and mention that the entrance right is too far forward. But he will not show the slightest interest in all the





TRIXIE WHITFORD



Photos White  
MARION DAVIES



HELEN BARNES



MILDRED ROLAND



MARGARET HOWMAN



CATHERINE MACK



VIRGINIA GUENTHER



AGNES JEPSON

A BEVY OF STAGE BEAUTIES IN THE "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM



# A SCREEN ACTRESS WHO THRILLS

*A chat with Pearl White, heroine of "The Perils of Pauline," and other stirring film classics*

BY ORSON MERIDEN

IT is an accepted tradition of the screen that its players must frequently engage in "thrillers" by way of sacrifice to the great god, Realism. The unbelieving public insists on its pound of flesh. The good old days of "dummies" and "fake" photography are at an end. If the screen hero appears to jump into the crater of a volcano, he must really jump—much to his personal discomfort, no doubt, and with grave misgivings as to the outcome! A powerful agency which has helped to nurture and feed fat this new and reckless child of the drama is the numerous serial pictures, released, episode by episode, during the past few years, having for their purpose hair-raising in general and hair-raising in particular.

OF these serials, none, perhaps, are better known than the Pathé Company's "Perils of Pauline" and "Exploits of Elaine," film masterpieces of suspense and melodrama which were concerned principally with the villain's shabby treatment of the beautiful Misses Pauline and Elaine. These two young ladies are universally recognized as the staunchest-hearted heroines that ever trod a stage, or whatever it is that one does tread in movieland. There is nothing that has not happened to them, from being sealed up in a leaky submarine, to being carried out to sea alone in a balloon. A cat, with its miserable nine lives, is as nothing compared to Pauline and Elaine, who have faced death so many times, as to make their names synonyms for strength, courage and daring. And the most remarkable part of it all is that these two young ladies are in reality one young lady—a red-haired, clear-eyed girl, with nerves of steel and a heart of oak—famous to movie fans the world over as Pearl White.

Miss White is, at present, engaged in writing a novel, which will be somewhat of an autobiography. But until the eventful hour of its publication let it be here noted that Miss White chose Missouri as her native state, and was born in Sedalia, not very many years ago. Her father was Irish, and her mother an Italian—there were ten children in the family—and they hadn't a cent—as interesting a beginning as any self-respecting heroine would wish to have.

Indeed, the various episodes of Miss White's eventful life would seem to be fertile ground for the novelist. Her career was started as a news-girl, when at a very early age, she started selling papers in her native town. Came an offer from an itinerant show-gentleman, who saw in the still diminutive Pearl the makings of a first-class Little Eva, and so Miss White's theatrical career began, with an unratable "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, that had to leave one bloodhound in each town as a pledge for its board-bill.

THE hounds all gone, Little Eva returned to Sedalia and went to school for five or six years. Next we find her in a circus, bare-back riding, tumbling, and otherwise learning all that the Big Tent has to teach. For two years she tramped with this organization, acquiring the muscles and the nerve that were to stand her in such good stead in the palmy days to come. Then a return to the stage, Miss White playing

"You know—," she finally observed, "that 'Every Tuesday' sign takes lots of the pleasure out of my life. I mean by that," she explained laughingly, "that those episodes have to be so regularly turned out that I can never have the enjoyment of being ill once in a while. I jumped from a bridge into the river the other day—the water was icy, and I got a little attack of the grippe. Do you think I could stay home.

"I should think that you would have to stay home and enjoy it!"

"Well, I tried it the first day—and I got a sweet little telephone call from my director to the general effect that we can't fall behind in our schedule—and wouldn't I please come over to the studio—just for a little while—"

"And you went?"

"I had to go—and leave behind me all the pleasures of a snow white bed, and candy and flowers, and the other lovely things that make illness a positive privilege!"

And the sturdy little soldier of the films who wasn't allowed to leave her post for even a moment's worth of the pleasures lurking in grippe, laughed cheerfully as though perhaps it didn't matter much after all. The Italian in her blood, and the red in her hair has given to Miss White an odd combination of temperaments, now the subtle emotion of the Latin, and, again, the dry happy humor of her Erin ancestry.

YES," she went on, "it amuses me to read so often in interviews with stage stars who have gone into pictures that they are delighted with the natural life of playing for the movies."

"But certainly it's easier and healthier to work during the day than until late into the night—night after night?"

"Well, it may not be as easy as it sounds. I go to the studio with a dark lantern every morning—and come back the same way. The picture work-day is long—and it's made longer by the interminable waiting around. Oh! how I sometimes wish I could go to the studio, dress and then fling myself right into the action of the play the way they do

on the regular stage. All the dramatic tenseness oozes out of one during the long hours of sitting around, with paint on one's face, waiting, waiting for the call of 'camera!'"

"You must find the work very different now, though, to what it was five years ago."

Miss White thought a moment as visions of the old days crossed her mind. Then she smiled and her eyes brightened as she spoke.

VERY different—very," she said softly, "I remember the first picture I was ever in. It was at Pat Powers' livery stable studio, and everything was worse than crude. Oh, if people only knew how this business has grown. Of course, I had never seen myself on the screen, but



White

PEARL WHITE

the provinces with all sorts and conditions of companies, and eventually coming East.

It was about five years ago that Pat Powers, now a well-known figure in the motion-picture world, was conducting a picture studio in a livery stable uptown. He was looking for talent and Pearl White crossed his path.

THE actress and the present writer were seated before one of the large windows of the Hotel Astor overlooking Broadway. Directly opposite rose the New York Theatre, a blaze of colored lights, and bearing in huge electric letters, "The Iron Claw—with PEARL WHITE—Every Tuesday."

Miss White gazed at the sign pensively.



secretly I thought that I would be very elegant. Then one day they projected some of the first scenes. I held my breath watching for my first entrance. And then when I came—I was really ashamed, I look so funny and scrawny. All the dreams about the good looks I thought I had were smashed. The room was dark, and I crept out and ran away from the place, intending never to go back. But the picture had been only partly done, and they had to have me, so they hunted for me all over town and dragged me back, very mad at the trouble I had given them!"

"And at length you got used to yourself."

"I can't say I'm entirely satisfied yet!"

"But, at least, you don't feel like running away any more?"

NO, hardly that! A picture like 'Hazel Kirke' makes me glad I am in the pictures. It was serious dramatic work—and some day I hope I will be doing as good work on the stage. Often I long to be back on the boards. The old call of 'Places—first act!' thrills me when I think of it. Above all I should like to play in Italy and in its language. A recent trip there stirred all the Latin there is in me—and thanks to mother I can speak Italian. I can't think of a country or a language that are greater inspirations to dramatic art.... But I guess all that is very far away!"

"But the 'thrillers'—'Pauline' and 'Elaine'—isn't your greatest love for them?"

OH, I've had a glorious time playing in the serials. I've had all kinds of wonderful experiences. I get hundreds of letters commenting on my bravery—but it isn't bravery at all. It's mere curiosity. I was as excited as a school-boy the first time I ever went up in an aeroplane. I never thought of the danger—I was simply

wild to see what it was like to shoot through space like a rocket and see the country and the funny little people down below. Besides, you know, doing that sort of work for the pictures one hasn't time to be really frightened—it's usu-

of the lens he started trying to make the balloon descend. But he couldn't, and the storm came, and we had to go up over it, and we drifted above the clouds out to sea. At first the novelty of it all charmed me, but then I began to think—

and then I became truly frightened. It is only thought that creates fear. That's why jumping off a yacht or little things like that should not make people think I have any unusual bravery. I simply haven't the time to think about doing them!"

"Yes—but do take us down from that balloon!"

WHEN we were up very high we had to chew gum to keep our eardrums from bleeding, and there was some beer on board, and we drank that to keep us warm. Have you ever tried chewing gum and drinking beer at the same time! And to make the situation particularly pleasant, when I asked the aeronaut if the water would be cold when we struck it, he answered: 'Don't worry, sister, we'll hit so hard you won't feel it!' But finally we got down all right on *terra firma*. And the next day I had to do the next scene in the picture which consisted of my sliding down the rope of the anchor which was supposed to have been trailing and caught in a tree. First they fastened the anchor to the tree and then they let the balloon up a hundred and fifty feet—with me alone in it. Then they shot a re-

volver and I could hear it way up there, and I knew the four cameras down below were all clicking away, and I climbed out on the rope and clambered down hand over hand! Oh, it's a great little life!"

AND Miss White, looking very healthy, in spite of the mill of thrillers through which she has passed, laughed a pleasant little Irish laugh.



© Ira L. Hill

VIRGINIA HAMMOND

After two years' absence Miss Hammond returned to the stage to play Huguette in "If I Were King" with E. H. Sothorn. Previously she had been seen in "The Arab," "The Call of Youth," and with William Courtenay

ally over so quickly. Only once have I been nervous and that was when I was up in a balloon over a thunder-storm for four and a half hours, without food, over the sea. It was while taking a scene for the 'Perils of Pauline.' I was supposed to climb into a captive balloon to have my picture taken, and the villain cuts the rope and away I go. There was an aeronaut hidden in the basket, and when we rose out of the range





*the soup of the epicure*



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## From Comedy to Tragedy

(Continued from page 23)

Mr. Barrymore grinned cheerfully as he lit another cigarette. "That's a longer speech than I ever have read on the stage," he said, "but please don't print it; a fellow sounds such an ass when he tries to formulate his ideas about his profession."

"At least you can't complain of a circumscribed lot, since you are running far ahead from the usual John Barrymore part this season," I said. "Shall you return to comedy?"

"If I do," he replied, "I hope I shall get a part written by a master like Galsworthy. It is a continued joy to speak lines such as his, the beauty of Galsworthy as literature, aside from the splendid propaganda of some of his plays—notably 'Justice'—make it a pure delight to repeat his lines. It is rather absurd," he continued, musingly, "to claim a very large part for the actor in a Galsworthy play. His vision is so wide and searching, his knowledge of humans and humanity so deep and piercing, that when you sit down to study a Galsworthy play, whether comedy or serious drama, you feel that the author has done it all. There is almost nothing left for an actor to bring to his part."

## Stage Scenery

(Continued from page 33)

on wooden frames. These "flats" are usually made five feet nine inches in width, so that they can be got through the door of a box car. Sometimes two or more flats are hinged together, so that the whole side of a house will fold up compactly. The sections can be lashed together with ropes and cleets, skillfully manipulated by a deft stage-hand. Often, by this means, the flats support each other. But when more support is needed an iron brace is set behind the frame and screwed into the floor of the stage. The back drop, which may be forty or fifty feet wide and thirty to thirty-six feet high, can be rolled up when it is "on the road."

But much modern scenery does not come within the classifications of "flats" and "drops." Managers are not inclined to be satisfied with flat scenery; they often call for panels and doorways of real wood. A Venus of Milo cannot be painted on the wall of the drawing room; she must appear in her own plaster person. The hedges and urns of an Italian garden are made in three dimensions and carried on to the stage by main force. Trees are objects of endless bother and profanity. Mr. Belasco in "A Good Little Devil" went to the expense of carrying a huge solid tree-trunk for one of the acts, to the personal peril of every stage-hand who had to set it up. The day is past when trees are strips of waving canvas dropped from the "flies." The tendency on the commercial stage is to "build," and a large portion of the scenery we see actually has the three dimensions to which it pretends.

## A Cinderella Man

(Continued from page 29)

"If you were a critic," I pursued, "what would you say is the secret of the play's success."

"I should say," was the earnest reply, "that it is the youthful romance of it. Men like it because it takes them back to the time when they loved for the first time, in the same fine way. Men have said to me: 'The play makes me think of the time when it first got me.' It is true. It takes one back to the time when he was first hit by it. He remembers how he wanted to take the girl in his arms, but how he didn't dare. And Shelley Hull plays it superbly, I think."

## Most Talked of Playlet

(Continued from page 18)

the courage to press for an explanation, they wonder why he has brought them to the deserted inn. Combined with a fear of the avenging priests is a desire to escape future dangers by selling the ruby. Finally they express their wishes to Scott-Fortesque, the Toff.

He declares that he alone has the power to foresee events and to outwit the Priests of Klesh; but if they want to take the stone to the city and dispose of it, why, it is immaterial to him. Sniggers disappears into the night, the ruby in his possession, and Scott-Fortesque resumes his place before the fire. All this being adroitly arranged to create an atmosphere of mystery and to suggest the uncanny power of invisible forces, the audience awaits with tense expectancy the outcome of Sniggers' temerity. One feels that the net of fate is closing in on the four adventurers, when, trembling with fright, the sailor reappears, all his bravado vanished in a whimpering appeal for Toff to save them from the three dreaded priests, who are just a little way down the road.

Then Scott-Fortesque tells the sailors what idiots they were to trust in their own poor wits. He expected one of the priests, not all three; but even this situation may be met, providing his instructions are obeyed to the letter. The Toff places the ruby in his pocket and moves his chair so that his back is turned squarely to the door. The sailors pass the window, open a side door as though they were leaving the room, then crouch in the background, awaiting the coming of the priests.

A white-robed figure appears in the black entrance-way, crawls across the floor on hands and knees and is about to plunge a dagger into the Toff's back when he is felled by Bill Jones. Scott-Fortesque continues to read the paper as though nothing had happened. The second priest enters in due time; he, too, is killed, and to attract the third, the lifeless form is lifted from the floor, and in what appears to be a struggle, is given the semblance of animation that the third of the priests may be attracted to the rescue. Another dagger thrust and the last of the emissaries of Klesh lies motionless on the floor. The night's work has been accomplished. The three sailors gratefully acknowledge the superiority of their master, who foresees everything and is clever enough to meet each new emergency.

For the first time since the rise of the curtain the strain is relaxed. Ignoring the lifeless bodies, the Toff becoming a bit boastful, joins his companions in celebrating their triumph. But the door, giving way to the blackness of the moor, remains open—significantly open, it should be added; for without having an idea of what may happen next, the audience senses some fresh calamity. The ruby is lying on the table, the adventurers are thinking only of the fortune within reach, when Klesh, a figure of giant proportions stalks into the room, places the jewel in his forehead and slowly passes out into the night, leaving Scott-Fortesque and his accomplices in speechless fright.

Then, one by one, the men are called by name, and struggling vainly against an irresistible power, each vanishes through the doorway to meet a fate; the horror of which is suggested by a pitiable shriek, dying into a moan and silence. Such, in brief, is the thriller that has stirred New York. In it Lord Dunsany achieved a masterpiece of dramatic construction, whereas great credit is due the Neighborhood Players for admirable staging and intelligent performances given by David Solomon, Max M. Kaplan, S. P. Zelmanovic and Sol Friedman.





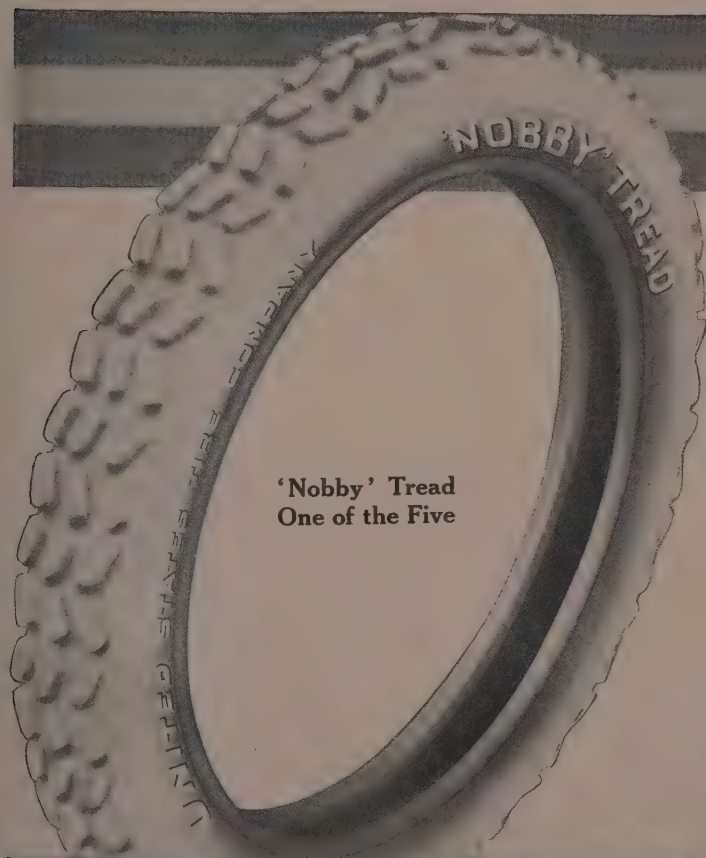
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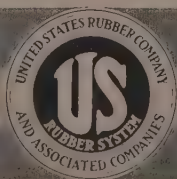
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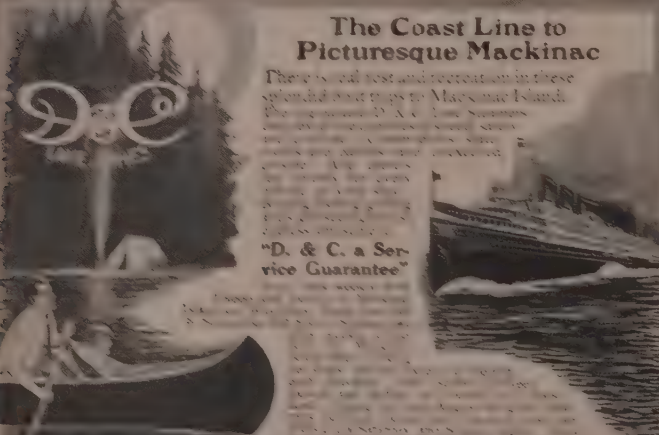


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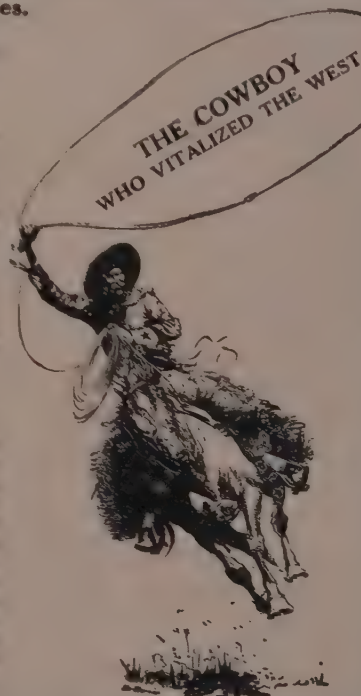
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(Continued from page 12)

question of military preparedness in a distinctly intimate manner by devoting several thousand feet of film to interesting the audience in the characters destined to be affected by the national calamity. He never overlooks the appeal of a helpless, suffering child, an experience as a novelist and playwright has taught him the value of contrast, so that there is a really clever mingling of pathos and comedy. Wholly serious as is the purpose of the production, it contains a surprising number of laughs, many of them due to the ridiculing of William J. Bryan and Henry Ford, presented as pacifists who carry flowers to the invading army, submit to various insults without taking offense, and are finally put to peeling potatoes for the conquering soldiers.

The picture opens with a prologue giving brief and not very impressive flashes of happenings bearing on the founding of the United States and their perpetuation through subsequent crises. Then comes the story proper with its depiction of intrigue among American traitors—whom Mr. Dixon apparently classes with so-called Pacifists—and the unavailing efforts of those advocating armament against a possible foe. The argument in this part of the story would be stronger were the incidents less overdrawn and even bitterly partisan in tone. Moreover, the sudden landing of 100,000 soldiers and forty-two centimeter guns on Long Island is quite beyond the bounds of reason. But with the opening of the battle scenes, terrific in their intensity and carried over a wide area, an audience may well be lost in the excitement of it all, materially heightened by Victor Herbert's music, probably the finest ever written for the accompaniment of a motion picture.

At the close of the first act the United States is completely conquered, leaving the regaining of liberty to be accomplished in the second act by a band of women in pretty white uniforms, an altogether fantastic idea, but quite pleasantly romantic. Mr. Ince sees in women a great force for universal peace; Mr. Dixon chooses to regard them as potential soldiers, so in either case the feminist movement is being given due consideration.

**The Ills of The Theatre**  
(Continued from page 2)

party. Yet not a month ago I drove to a New York theatre in a taxi, and as I paid my fare the driver asked: "Boss, what time does this show begin? Half-past eight? Just got time to make the garage and get the wife," said he. "I'm going, too." Well, there you are! The taxi-driver and Mrs. Taxi-Driver—or, to be more accurate, the class just above him in the social scale, outnumbers any other in the average modern audience four or five to one. This is what we have grown to call the General Public—the public that pays the piper and therefore calls the tune. And so most of us behind the curtain began vigorously to pipe ragtime. Sometimes when we got very rich or very courageous we'd take a little flier in Beethoven or Debussy and then come back and pipe ragtime more vigorously than ever to pay our bills.

No, the trouble with the drama now, and for several years in the past, is that it is dominated by a great, new, eager, childlike, tasteless, honest, crude, general public, and as for blaming anybody—well, it's pretty poor fun blaming a great primal force like gravitation or democracy.

**The New Plays**  
(Continued from page 11)

nature, but New York must have the very best that money can buy, and just now it is the vogue to have the Urban *marque* on all up-to-date productions. The stage pictures, particularly the scenes showing Juliet's garden, the Sphinx, and the Isle of Girls are all of surpassing beauty.

This particular kind of attraction depends, to a very considerable extent, on the happenings on the year of grace in which the "Folly" is born, and the world has not been so very merry this past year. Mr. Hobart's book, in that part of it that has resource to Shakespeare, is not always a thing of mirth. There are some old, forgotten burlesques that are much better. They might yet be substituted. The "Follies" do not seek to tell a consistent story, but is made up of novelties, and of these the present annual has enough to repay the visitor, jaded at the end of the season with familiar things. The girls, conscripted by Flo Ziegfeld and Ned Wayburn according to the accepted standards of youth and beauty, dance, in one instance, fire-shod, their feet twinkling in semi-darkness over some touches of electricity. Ann Pennington dances down a lane of flowers in a moving picture and breaks through the film in person when she reaches the stage. One Dan Barclay was such a queen of the harem as only genius in low comedy could devise. W. C. Fields played croquet with magic balls, getting no end of fun out of them. Fanny Brice, as Theda Bara, and as a burlesque dancer, yiddish in talk and manner, filled her time with laughter. Ina Claire has a girlish charm and gift of her own in song and dance; and Frances White lifted her voice and feet to no mean altitudes, pleasing to hear and to see. Carl Randall danced gracefully, expertly in imitation of Nyinsky, and Bernard Grenville, an amusing Marc Antony, proved a comic readiness in every emergency. Bert Williams was his customary self, but made little out of Mr. Hobart's Othello. One of the special interpolations was the illusion of a war vessel torpedoed, an amazingly effective picture obtained by physical means and not by the magic of the camera.

**"The Stampede"**  
(Continued from page 19)

real authentic, simon-pure out-and-out figure, feature and appurtenance from the land of cattle, corrals, cabins, cow-tails, camp-fires and coyotes. Range regents allied in a mighty, majestic reproduction of the sports, frolics, revels, games, chivalries, gallantries, pleasures, hardships, perils, adventures and picturesque, romantic and spectacular incidents contributing to the invasion, settlement and occupation of the West."

Among the figures and features of prairie life of "The Stampede" will be an element new to New York—the cowgirl.

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Those who expect to see a group of raw-boned, masculine Amazons in these cowgirls will suffer a keen disappointment, it is announced, for there is not one of them who would not—and does not—cut a dainty figure on the floor of a ballroom.

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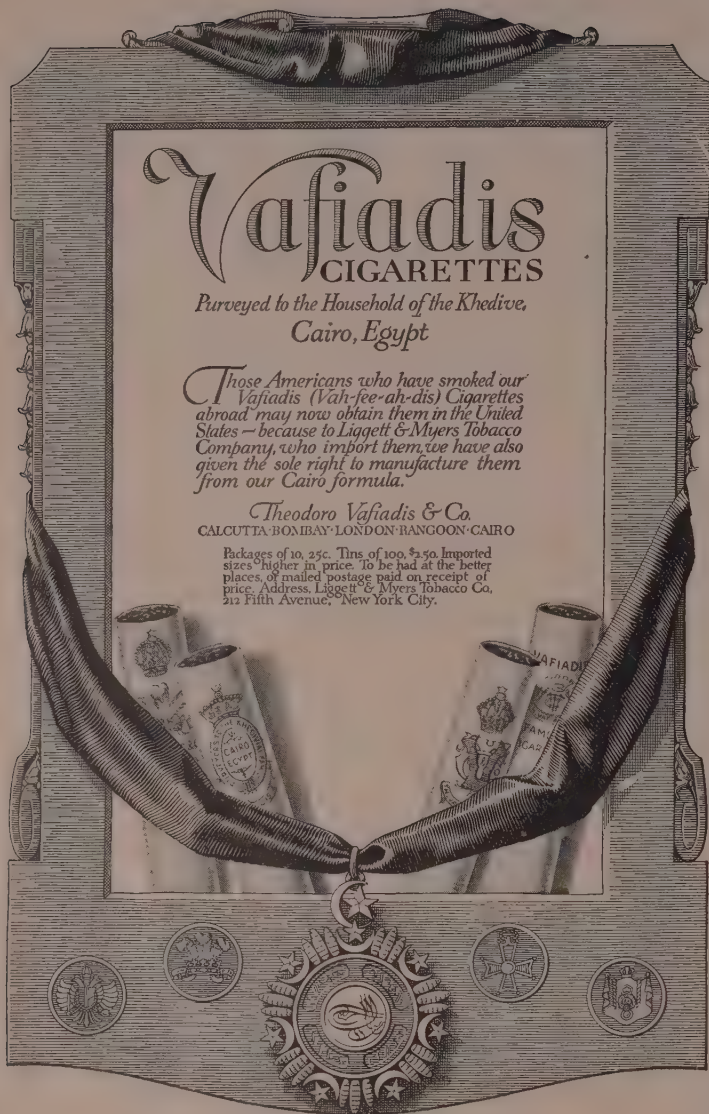
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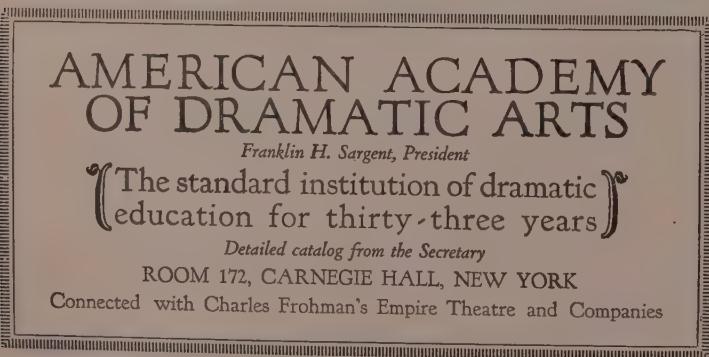
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## Humorous Stage Publicity

(Continued from page 15)

of publicity gentlemen in a variegated career, from the pleasant person who once offered me a type-written "criticism" on the plea that it would help me if I had other "shows" to cover, to the rotnud and jovial party who knew everybody in my office, and wanted to "tip me off" as to the correct thing to write. They have published my pictures and illuminated me in electricity, and told me that I was absolutely the "last cry" in justice and literary expression, and then they have raised Cain with me when my justice was not tempered with mercy, and my expression was more literal than literary.

Funny men! I like them, I appreciate them, I enjoy them, but still I wonder at their limited outlook. I wish that they were less haughty when their managers' plays succeed, and less affectionate when they fail. Oh, they can be very high and mighty when the piece has "got over" irresistibly. Then they look at you rather pityingly, as though to say: "You poor worm, we can dispense with you completely, and you can go home and rest."

Still, there is a certain amusement even in that, if you happen to own a sense of humor—really a most necessary commodity in these days. As a matter of fact, this publicity is a barometer, indicating the state of a new production's "weather." When the gentleman is particularly amiable and solicitous, you know for certain that the play needs all sorts of nourishment, and delicate attention. When he greets you with indifferent manner, and slipshod gesture, you rejoice at the merited success of the offering. One thing I will say for the publicity gentleman, and it is that he is not subtle, he is not intricate, and he is perfectly legible even without glasses. Perhaps someday his methods will change, for the movie publicity people are emulating his example, and stealing his well-worn thunder. All that he has done for so many years, and clung to as stock-in-trade, they are now doing, and doing quite as effectively. Personally, I hope that the drama's publicity gentleman will not change, as he is such an entertaining feature of our lives. The loss of barometric indications would be rather lamentable. We should find our best criterion gone. We should be forced to ferret out the successes and failures ourselves, and it would be a difficult task.

Can you imagine how drear and dark it would be without "publicity"—that certain indication of the plays that you shouldn't see?

## Victor Records

One of Caruso's favorite hobbies is musical composition. In his latest effort he has produced a musical setting of real beauty for a charming Italian poem, "Olden Times," and his own rendition of it is among the new Victor Records for June. Melba's voice seems lovelier than ever in her rendering of a superb gypsy lyric by Dvorak, called "Songs My Mother Taught Me." This number is by far the most popular of all the Bohemian composer's songs. These two superb displays of artistry are beautiful to hear.

The exquisite art of Julia Culp is heard in a tender "Cradle Song" adapted from Fritz Kreisler's beautiful "Caprice Viennois." Alma Gluck has made a fine record of Stephen Foster's famous ballad of the old South, "My Old Kentucky Home."

Another exhibition of Mme. Gluck's winning vocal individuality is given in Tchaikowsky's "Ye Who Have Yearned Alone." Adv.

## Queries Answered

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

E. R., Cincinnati, O.—Q.—Who took the parts of Mici and her lover the Count, in the original production of "Seven Sisters?" 2. Is Marjorie Rambeau going to appear in motion pictures? If so, with what company? 3. In what plays has Madge Kennedy appeared?

A.—Laurette Taylor played Mici and Charles Cherry was Count Feri Horkay in the original production of "Seven Sisters." 2. Marjorie Rambeau is at present appearing for the films with the Famous Players. 3. Madge Kennedy has been seen in "Over Night," "Little Miss Brown," "Twin Beds," and she is now playing the rôle of Blanny Wheeler in "Fair and Warmer" at the Eltinge.

John R., Jr., Q.—Can you tell me if Joseph Santley is at present connected with any production?

A.—He was last seen with Gaby Deslys in "Stop, Look, Listen!" under the management of Charles B. Dillingham, Globe Theatre.

I. M. K., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Q.—Please give the names of the best dramatic schools in this country. 2. Give names of any famous dramatic teachers. 3. What is considered the best dramatic school in the world, and why?

A.—The American Academy of Dramatic Arts, New York, is the oldest school in this country. 2. David Belasco, F. F. Mackay, Donald Robertson, Beverly Sitgreaves. 3. The Paris Conservatoire. It is subsidized by the French government and has the most famous teachers.

S. B., Palm Beach, Fla.—Q.—What is the price of the May, 1912, issue containing a photo of Elsie Janis on the cover? 2. Have you any other pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle besides those in the March, 1915, issue? 3. Have you any pictures of Adele Rowland?

A.—35c. 2. In our May, 1915, number there is a picture of Mrs. Castle; and in our March, 1914, issue an article illustrated with five photographs entitled "How the Castles Built Their Castle." 3. Our February, 1916, number contains a recent photograph of Adele Rowland, and in February, 1915, we published a small head accompanied by a short biography of her life. The price of these issues is 35c. each.

A Reader, Newport, Ky.—Q.—Where can I procure photographs of Otis Skinner as Othello in "Cock O' The Walk?"

A.—White Studio, 1546 Broadway, New York City.

K. M., San Dimas, Calif.—Q. Will you kindly inform me as to whether Hartley Manners' play "The House Next Door" has ever been presented professionally?

2. Who took the parts of Sir John Cots-

wold and Ulrica Cotsword? A.—"The House Next Door" was produced on April 12, 1909, at the Gaiety Theatre, New York. 2. J. E. Dodson played Sir John Cotsword, and Mabel Roubek took the rôle of Ulrica Cotsword.

Irene, A Reader, Newark, Ohio.—Q.—Do the Shuberts still intend to produce "The Fake Baron," "Miss I Don't Know," "The Girl from Brazil," and "The Broadway Girl?" 2. Please give the cast of "Ninety in the Shade" in which Richard Carle and Marie Cahill were featured. 3. Where can I obtain photos of Shubert musical comedies outside of magazines.

A.—We would advise you to communicate with them direct, care the Shubert Theatre, this city. 2. The cast of "Ninety in the Shade" was as follows:

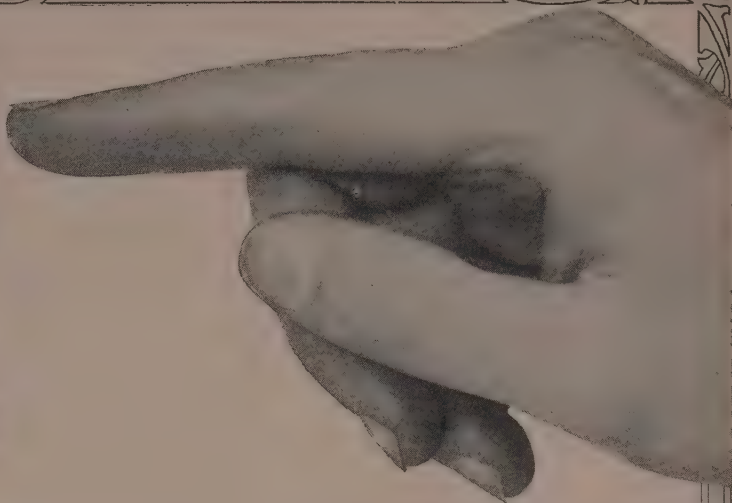
Coolie, Willard Reynolds; Bolo, Philip Sheffield; Bob Mandrake, Ed. Martindale; Willoughby Parker, Richard Carle; Captain Jerry Carvel, Victor Morley; Polly Bainbridge, Marie Cahill; Madge Splint, Eleanor Henry; Dot Splint, Dorothy Arthur; Peter Thompson, Rollin Grimes; Judge Splint, Fred Walton; Hodgins, Ralph Nairn; Rose Carter, May Thompson; Lilly Whitehead, Jeanne Crane; Pansy Whitehead, Bettie Best; Daisy Hammond, Jessie Crane; Clover Royce, Alice Carrington; Myrtle Watterson, Alma Abraham; Violet Fuller, Madeline Flieger; Lucie Romaine, Amperito Ferrer; Sergeant McGinn, Murray D'Arcy; Mozi, Pedro de Cordova; Catti, Florence Dillon; Hai-cho, Abbott Adams; Ooma Estrada, Jean Newcombe.

3. White Studio, 1546 Broadway, New York City.

B. B. S., New Rochelle, N. Y.—Q.—Kindly give me the cast of "Our English Friend" as presented during the winter of 1882-83 and tell me in what theatre it was played?

A.—"Our English Friend" was presented on November 25, 1882, at Daly's Theatre, with the following cast: Paul Spencer, John Drew; Elida Spencer, Virginia Dreher; Digby de Rigby, James Lewis; Wirt Laurens, Yorke Stephens; Merryl Laurens, Helen Leyton; Frederic Flutterby, Clement Bainbridge; Mr. Cornelia Partridge, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert; Barbee Vaughn, Ada Rehan; Alonzo Groobie, E. T. Webber; Triphena, May Sylvie; Theobald Blum, William Gilbert; Jackson, Mr. Webber; Mima Jackson, May Fielding; Uncle Spencer, Charles Fisher; John, Mr. Sterling; Nan, Mr. Beckman; Sarah, Miss Hapwood.





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with the widest range of designs, styles and prices in its long history.

Clocks, verticals, drop stitch and color effects in circular stripings to match the sports attire. Plain blacks, whites and colors and shades without number—a range as wide as the present tremendous and growing demand for fancy silk hosiery.

Style, Quality and Value are the trio of merits that have won for “ONYX” its national fame as

## *The Hosiery of Fashion*

a reputation which is steadily enhanced by these three typical numbers. All made with the “Pointex” Heel.

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**\$1.00**

Fine silk with DUB-L Lisle garter-top, triple extra spliced heel and toe, medium weight.

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Successors to the wholesale business of Lord & Taylor



# Footlight Fashions

By Mlle. MANHATTAN

**I**F ever New York's smartest women deserved a happy summer at Newport, or wherever fashion elects to spend these glowing days, it is this year of grace and war, 1916. Since the first day of winter, few of the prominent hostesses of our city have omitted constant and conscientious attendance at the Red Cross headquarters or one or another of the relief bureaus where compassionate women have met to work for the benefit of wounded soldiers or those who are left without support while fathers and brothers, husbands and sons, are giving their country the blood of their hearts.

Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Guinness, Mrs. Vanderbilt, Lady Colebrook, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, and the women of the Phipps and Gould households, have worked with a diligence and faithfulness that have earned them a summer of happy ease, and that this will be a gay and "dressy" season at Newport and various Long Island resorts goes without saying.

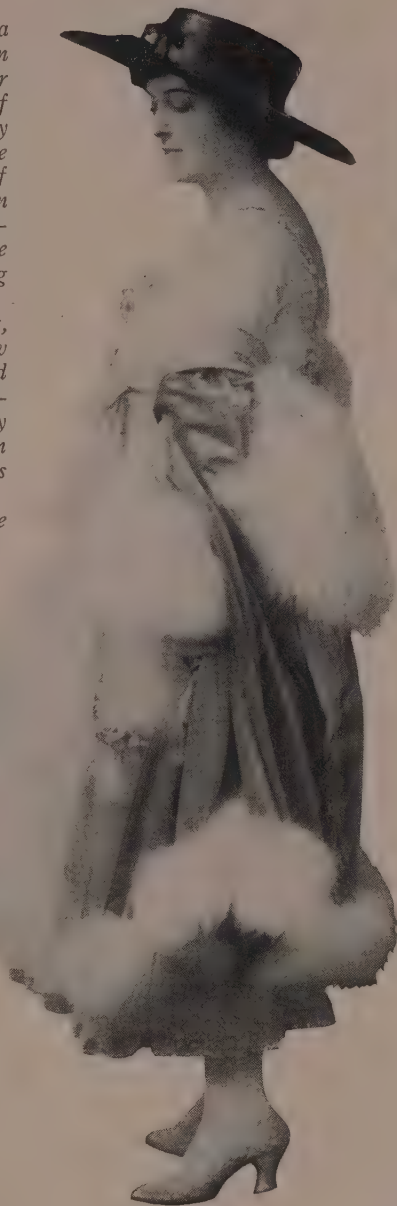
The forecast of summer styles seen during the June races and entertainments at near-by country clubs has been very interesting, if not marked by any special novelties. June weddings, alas! have not been so enlivening as usual, the continued rains preventing the best showing of frocks and frills at Hymen's altar. But, Allah be praised, this is a summer of "sport" suits, and the out-of-doors things at Belmont and at the sporting events at Piping Rock and Meadowbrook have brought forth many very charming costumes.

Radium of changeable opalescent hues combined with silver gauze was used in this gorgeous gown made by Mme. Julie for Alice Neilson.

Now let me whisper a secret. Not my secret, but that of Mrs. Oelrichs and her sister "Birdie" Fair Vanderbilt: It is New York, not Paris which has turned out the delicious frocks that the Harriman girls, the Vanderbilt matrons, the brides of the year and the Astors and Goulds are wearing. "Bendel, my dear," said Mrs. Oelrichs and her sister in a breath, as the former waved her Chinese umbrella of old green with a marvellous jade dragon for a handle, in the direction of Lady de Bathe, who was strolling across the club house lawn with a train of cavaliers at the last day of racing at Belmont Park. And the gown and hat worn by the former Mrs. Langtry, were well worth the admiring glances won from reluctant feminine eyes on all sides. The gown worn with a wide open long coat was a sort of glorified sport suit done in the dulllest of blue soiree; it was all of one piece, and was finished from throat to hem down the loose, but smartly cut front with a row of jolly old Russian buttons of dull silver set with bits of jade or blue or green enamel. If bullet shape, no two were exactly alike, but each one was a gem, and the effect of the shimmery line was very charming and original. The bare white throat of the one-time Jersey Lily, was as clear of contour as ever, and was

indeed a monument to the cleverness of her beauty doctor, for certainly Lady de Bathe might be forgiven a few wrinkles here and there, if she chose to display them. Upon her haughtily poised head her ladyship wore a very high turban of blue straw, with a mad looking ruff of blue velvet at the back. It is small wonder that half the women in the clubhouse excitedly asked Baroness de Meyer to find out, like a dear, who created Lady de Bathe's hat. And I will disclose the second secret of the day and tell you that Lewis of London and Paris is the artist to whom she owes so much of chic and elegance.

Mrs. Perry Belmont among matrons of a certain age, and Mrs. Skiddy von Stade and Mrs. Vincent Astor of this season's brides have worn some stunning American frocks at the Belmont races. On the



Mishkin



Photo White

Miss Tempest wearing a frock of pastel soiree, with the odd new basque effect of silk embroidered in silver and one of the latest tunic skirts.

and numerous Goelets and Gerrys and Harrimans, have entertained at the various club houses before and after races and sport events in a round of quite unexampled June gaieties.

Cool evenings in town have made the theatres quite enjoyable and the waning season has been marked by audiences of unusual smartness. Of course, Marie Tempest at Maxine Elliott's Theatre has been a favored star and numberless theatre parties have given the cachet of fashionable approval to "A Lady's Name," in which she is appearing. Miss Tempest is wearing one very charming frock, as seen in the accompanying illustration. It is of pastel soiree, with an odd new basque effect of silk embroidered in silver, and a skirt of the latest tunic effect of white silk muslin mounted on the pale soiree. No less an apostle of the fine and fit than Madame Bakhmeteff, wife of the Russian Ambassador has complimented Miss Tempest by copying this chic frock. At a recent matinée Miss Tempest's audience included the three Harriman girls—Miss Carol Harriman and her sisters, Mrs. Charles Cary Rumsey and Mrs. Robert L. Gerry, Mrs. Rumsey wore a triple flounced frock of blue faille and a high crowned hat of black crin rimmed with shaded roses. Miss Harriman wore a blue and buff costume of soft silk, crossed and strapped with oddly arranged bands of blue. A blue sailor hat, and buff gloves with unusually large gold clasps finished the very attractive dress.

Many fashionable women consider Mrs. "Tony" Drexel, Jr., to be the

day of the Metropolitan handicap—the most fashionable event of the meet—Mrs. Belmont wore a fascinating gown, which like Lady de Bathe's was Russian in effect. It was of black soiree with white marabout bands bordering its three wide flounces of black silk muslin. White marabout formed a smart collarette worn with Mrs. Belmont's costume, and her hat of black crin was massed with short black ostrich about the high crown.

The "Turf and Field" club was the scene of many smart dances and supper parties during June, and, of course, the smartest members of the Long Island set, which includes Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, the Payne Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, Dr. and Mrs. Preston Pope Satterthwait (who have entertained largely at their big place in Great Neck), Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.,





Photo Campbell

*Miss Pauline Frederick may always be depended upon to show the new things in frocks and frills, note the combination here of an exquisitely fluffy dress in strong contrast with the Ermine shoulder cape or stole.*

best dressed woman in New York society, and it may not be amiss to describe a smart frock worn by Mrs. Drexel at the last war benefit at the Metropolitan. It was of soft black Georgette, a vague copy of the blue gown described as worn by Lady de Bathe at Belmont. The buttons which formed so chic an accessory to her ladyship's costume, could not, of course, be duplicated by Mrs. Drexel's modiste, but Chinese enamel buttons of red and blue were a charming substitute. Mrs. Drexel was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Gould, who eclipsed the lilies of the field in a gown of green and silver, evidently suggested by the Julie creation worn by Alice Neilsen at Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin's musicale on Decoration Day.

A few fashionable householders have already opened their homes at Newport, and by the time the next issue of THE THEATRE is issued, the season at that resort will be in full swing.

A big ball is scheduled for early August by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont. Mrs. Vincent Astor will be hostess at the first really large entertainment she has given since her marriage. Herman Oelrichs will give a beauty ball to which only women of acknowledged loveliness will be invited, and several entertainments which are sure to draw together beautifully gowned members of the gentler sex are on the tapis for the heated term. I venture to say, however, that no mere fashionable hostess can hope to eclipse the display of frocks and beauty, which marked the first great ball of the summer given by Mr. and

Mrs. William Courtenay (Virginia Harned) as a June House Cooling to their newly remodeled home at Rye. Such lovely women, and such charming frocks are only to be found, I am afraid, in the ranks of stage favorites.

May I describe just two or three by way of forecast of the Summer's styles at Newport? Miss Blanche Bates paid THE THEATRE MAGAZINE the high compliment of wearing for the first time a dress copied from the illustrated description of a pink soirée creation worn by Mrs. Astor, and pictured in our April issue. Miss Bates' copy was in changeable blue taffeta, exactly duplicating the original in everything but color. Over this beautiful gown Miss Bates wore a new Chinese coat of rose satin with deep square collar of white fox. A single row of pearls was the only jewelry permissible with this costume. Miss Louise Drew, daughter of John Drew and cousin of John and Ethel Barrymore, wore a conquering frock of black with a square neck filled in with white. Lady de Bathe's dress was of pink satin looped high over a petticoat of silver lace bordered with wreaths of violets and tiny roses. A rope of pearls and a long chain of diamonds were her jewels. Miss Blanche Ring was radiant in a radium gown of orchid color embroidered in silver. A wide sash of silver tissue bordered with heavy cut-out silver lace fell behind in a train some ten inches longer than the short dancing skirt. Miss Julia Dean, star of various popular successes danced several times with Roi

Cooper Megrue, the dramatist. Miss Dean's gown was of cloth of silver with tunic of violet satin embroidered in silver and orchids. Pink and silver brocade was the fabric chosen by Margaret Mayo, author of "Baby Mine," "Twin Beds" and other farces, for a modish frock of dancing length, and a trailing sash of pink and silver roses that encircled the frock at the hips and just escaped the floor at the sides gave a novel chic to the costume. Miss Tree in white and green, and Geraldine Farrar in silver and green were dancing with Frank Connor, whose brother brought Miss Farrar's husband, Lou Tellegen, to America three or four years ago as Sarah Bernhardt's leading man. Fannie Ward who blazed with jewels and wore a string of pearls as big as roc's eggs, showed a fine appreciation of THE THEATRE's Fashion Department, by wearing a gown copied from one described in these columns as worn by Mary Nash in one of Grace George's recent productions—a frock of white and silver with pink roses. Mrs. Gest, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Belasco, who was present with her mother, wore a handsome costume of gold tissue trimmed with sable. Mrs. Chauncey Olcott was one of the most beautiful women present and her costume of white malines and silver brocade, worn with many very fine diamonds, set off her loveliness to the best advantage. Miss Jane Grey, Miss Laurette Taylor, Miss Elsie Janis in ruby net, and Mrs. Janis in black and gold, Miss Lillian Tucker, Miss Ethel Barrymore in pastel blue chiffon, were only a few of the delightful actresses who danced with the masculine celebrities and made merry until day came creeping up across Long Island Sound.

Miss Frances Starr has just had her picture made for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE in a brand new dress which pays the compliment of a delicate imitation to one recently described here. It is of soft blue silk, very full, very short and trimmed with a careless rapture of exquisite roses. It is Bende! who created this delicious frock for Miss Starr, and I am quite certain you will agree with me that it is one of the daintiest, demurest conceits of the Summer.

Miss Pauline Frederick may always be depended upon to show the very newest thing in frocks and frills, and she has just invented a new way of coiffing her thick fair hair which is shown in the accompanying photograph for which she posed especially for us.

*Miss Frances Starr has had her picture made for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE in a frock of soft blue silk, very full, very short and trimmed with a careless rapture of exquisite roses.*



© Ira L. Hill





452 Fifth Avenue  
Marion Street

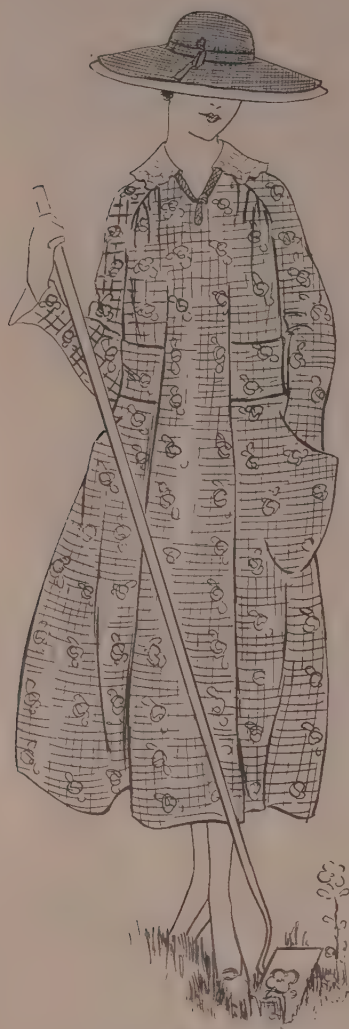
Whenever the name of Nora Bayes appears over the entrance to a theatre, in any part of the country, it means packed houses. Miss Bayes has such a hold on the public that there is keen competition among the managers to secure her services.

Miss Bayes is shown with a hat and parasol from the Knox Millinery and Sport Clothes Shop.

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N. Y.



# Clothes Seen On The Stage



A smock of old-fashioned chintz with hat of panama over red felt.

beauty cure, and hoeing the big flower beds, where roses have succeeded the earlier spring blooms in a saturnalia of bright blossoms. Of course, in such an environment, any girl with a scrap of temperament would wear a delicious garden frock, and so you will not be surprised to learn that Miss Janis was arrayed in the most fetching smock that all the wit of feminine Paris could devise. Loosely hanging from her shoulders, the smock was an affair of the most coquet. It was a deliciously old fashioned chintz, with varicolored flowers on a ground of ivory checked with black. Outstanding pockets alone broke the long, smart silhouette, and a flat belt marked, but escaped interrupting the waist line. I defy any woman with a soul for the beautiful to see this costume and the accompanying hat, without giving way to shrieks of admiration.

After the interlude of objection which I mentioned at the painful beginning of this story, Miss Janis gowned herself in a sport suit which was really smarter than smart. It was of an absolutely new shade of soft yellow jersey. Not mustard color, not tan, not sulphur, not orange and not nasturtium, but holding subtle hints of each of these shades. As evanescent and inde-

parency of the finest gloves, striped with broad vertical bars of faintest lavender, and finished with tiny lavender bullet buttons crocheted in silk. Of so gossamer a texture is this delicate coat, that it is no mere figure of speech to say it could be drawn through a lady's ring—it is no heavier than a cobweb—no more substantial than a shimmering midsummer night's dream.

All of last Summer, fashion writers in London were excitedly describing the Elsie Janis dress—a frock which Miss Janis wore in one variation or another at garden parties and indoor events given for the numberless war benefits at which our clever little American actress was invariably obliged to recite her own poems or sing some of the original songs she saves for drawing-room entertainments and refuses to contribute to the stage.

The "Elsie Janis" dress in muslin, in lace, in silk and satin was copied by débutantes and duchesses, by play actresses and peeresses, until in very self defence Miss Janis abandoned that type of frock and invented a new style of gown, suitable for afternoon or evening, or even for stage wear.



Another of Miss Janis' delightful gardening costumes.



A new motor bonnet and some novel parasol handles seen in Miss Janis' "hat closet."

THERE is one thing I will never, never do," cried Elsie Janis, with an emphatic stamp of her smartly shod foot, "and that is pose for a fashion picture. I hate clothes! I abhor styles! I loathe, despise, abominate and otherwise think ill of fashion editors. I WILL not be sketched even for my pet THEATRE MAGAZINE. I will NOT."

Then the demure little artist, whose pleasant fate it is to make pen-and-ink drawings of pretty actresses, smiled at the petulant young chate-laine of Philipse Manor, and Miss Janis relented with a laugh as gay as the June roses in George Washington's garden in the midst of whose flowers she was standing.

The smartest modiste in New York had whispered to THE THEATRE MAGAZINE that the last word in August fashions was uttered in a repertoire of Summer gowns just finished for Miss Janis.

Therefore away to the Grand Central station with the demure little artist, and a swift dash to Tarrytown. At the station waited Miss Janis' smart car adorned with the very newest Summer furnishings of pigskin and with a chilling thermos tube, full of cracked ice to cool the wayside drink one yearns for when on a long motor trip. A short climb of the pleasant hills, led away from the Hudson to Philipse Manor, the historic Washington house, where Miss Janis has established her home.

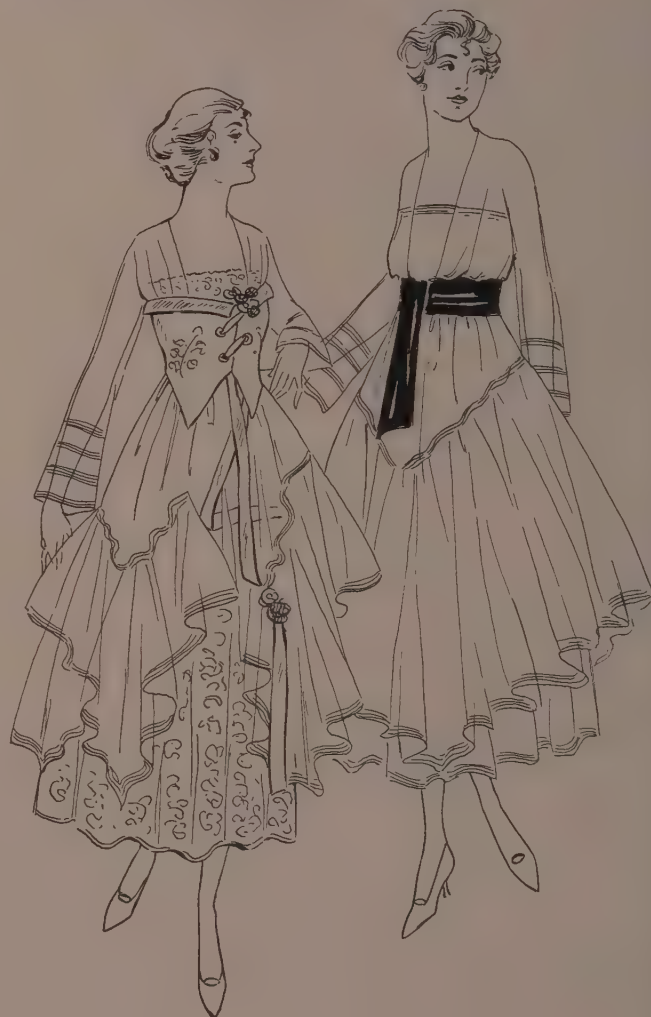
Here armed with a fascinating kit of garden tools, Miss Janis was diligently taking the very latest

scribable as a Dubussy tone-poem, was the hue, and it is quite fittingly called "jaune Dubussy" by the Parisian dyer who achieved it. Vague and flowing contours which are, of course, the genre of sport suits mark the short simple skirt and coat, but a novelty is given in the round buttons which are simply hand crocheted knobs of black. Emphatically "nice" is the hat which Miss Janis selects for this costume—a very simple "sport" of white and Dubussy yellow.

Another out-of-door costume, that really smelled like Bailey's Beach and other popular spots in Newport, was of white pique with a coat of white and orange stripes. A hat of plaited white ribbon laid in spiral rows on a yellow panama shape goes with this chic creation.

In bewildering succession Miss Janis' maid attired her passive mistress in one after another frock designed for the Summer, each having its individual coat of jersey. That this is to be a wet summer, with chilly evenings, seems quite certain, if one may believe the forecast of the weather prophets, and so silken jersey coats of all shades and combinations of color figure in Miss Janis' wardrobe. One of these is so unusual, I cannot omit a description. It is of white silk of the thin trans-

The "Elsie Janis Dress" for 1916. The general lines of this chic and practical frock are seen in all Miss Janis' party and stage gowns this season.







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The H. W. Gossard Company,  
Chicago, Ill.



I am very pleased to endorse the Gossard Corset--  
it excels any corset I know.

Sincerely,

*Olivia Brady*



## Clothes Seen On The Stage—(Continued)

The last thought in sport suits—  
of yellow silk jersey with pekingese  
dog to match.



This is the Elsie Janis frock of 1916 and it figures in her wardrobe in various shades of malines.

Three deep flounces each edged with lines of silver thread, form the short bouffant petticoat, and the bodice is all folds and fichu effects of the malines.

"It is a puzzle to find a smart gown that enables a girl to go through all the bends and dips of the modern dance, without having one's skirt 'ride' up, or look ridiculously loose," Miss Janis explained.

In two shades of green, emerald and vert de forêt, in ruby, in royal purple and in black, that frock—always with the faint tracery of silver—is developed in no less than five of Miss Janis' smartest gowns.

In mid-July Miss Janis expects to sail for England to show London this new Elsie Janis dress, returning with a series of dazzling frocks for her next Winter's tour in the new piece her manager is having written around her peculiar and charming talent.

"And THE THEATRE shall have the very first glimpse of the Elsie Janis frock for 1917," was her parting promise, as the smart automobile swept us away from Philippe Manor.

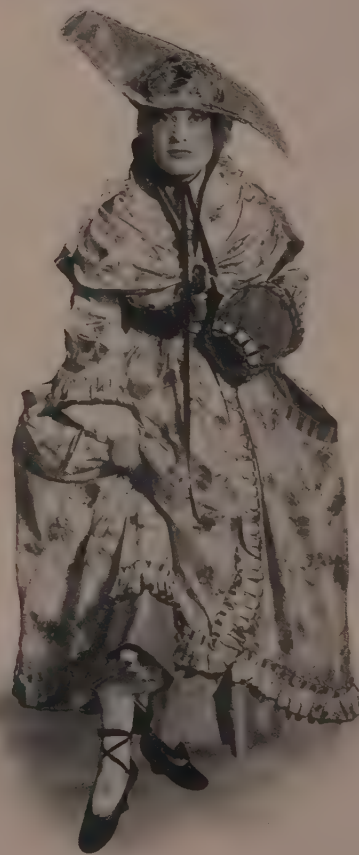


Photo Underwood & Underwood

This is a photo of Nora Bayes who has seasoned this season with so many new and delightful songs.

In this pose she looks as though she were singing a song about her stockings.

When we asked her about it she said, "No, but I could sing one—a brand new song—every time I receive a box of new hose from Peck & Peck—they are so lovely.

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—of characteristic simplicity and esprit,—distinctively Bonwit Teller & Co. in its interpretation of the new Spirit of Play

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Original Models Only—No Two Alike

OUR remaining stock is now offered at very marked reductions—prices which will just about pay for the cost of the materials. To the out-of-town women now in New York a great opportunity is given.

Your daughter, and you, too, madame, if you wear model sizes, can be outfitted this summer for much less than one-half the price you are accustomed to pay elsewhere, and then, too, you have that satisfactory feeling that the gown you purchase here is a model one, fashioned by the master designers of the world—French and American. You will see no other like it.

We have no duplicates. All our stock is included in this sale. For \$25 or even \$10 you can buy a charming gown which will surprise you. It has those chic French finishing touches, so much desired for the distingué effect and lines.



For Street, Afternoon and Evening Wear  
Prices Range \$10 to \$35  
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The lingerie gowns, so dainty with their hand embroidery and lace, are a revelation and have an undeniable charm this season. Their prices range \$10 to \$30. In many instances our price is really less than the cost of the laces. Call and see these frocks for yourself—even try them on. You are never urged to buy. A visit will pleasantly surprise you.

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1587 BROADWAY AT 48<sup>th</sup> ST., NEW YORK

ESTAB.  
1899



# A Bit Shady

A parasol in pale blue taffeta edged with a vine of tiny pink rosebuds and green leaves. To make it "truly rural" the pale wooden stick is in the shape of a crook.

Not a copy of Rhoda's pagoda, as you might imagine, but merely the new "canopy top." The silk is navy taffeta and the tiny platings are in old gold. Black and white, two shades of purple, and two of green are some of the combinations.

IT was "news to me," as perhaps it may be to some of you, to have discovered that the use of the parasol dates back to the earliest days of recorded history. Parasols are found on the bas-reliefs of the Egyptian palaces and tombs at Thebes and Memphis. Parasols were made use of in China more than 2000 years B. C. and, of course, known to the Greeks and Romans.

From the most remote epoch it has been the symbol of sovereignty. Even to-day, it is said, one of the most highly esteemed titles possible for an Eastern potentate would be "King of the White Elephant and Lord of the twenty-four Parasols!"

With such an illustrious pedigree, therefore, and as a symbol of power

it is entirely fitting that the parasol should now be given over entirely to the hands of My Lady. Rights for Women!

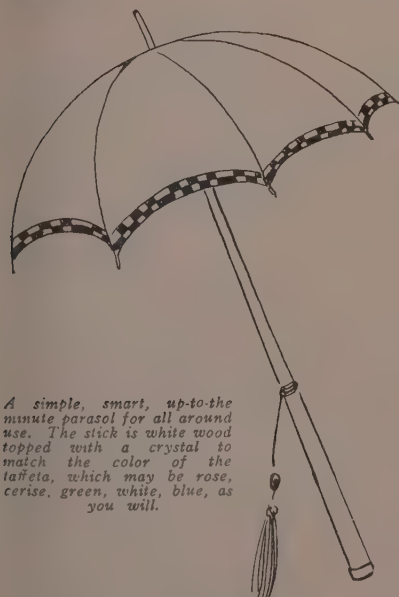


Hand-painting used on everything else has made its way up to the parasol. A certain shop offers a cerise taffeta painted across one panel with a "conventional" pheasant and adds a bird's head handle to keep the pheasant company.

"The Nippon"—Japanese in shape, with tips turned under, and a silk ring fastened with a wooden ball to carry on the arm. It may be had in any color top with Dresden border to match. \$3.50.

Smart women looking for distinction in the accessories of the costume add their own particular pet handle to a parasol. Here are three very individual ones.

1. A Mandarin button in interwoven strands of tiny coral beads to be attached to the top of any stick.
2. A seven-sided handle, nine inches long, in strips of alternate dark and light whalebone.



A simple, smart, up-to-the-minute parasol for all around use. The stick is white wood topped with a crystal to match the color of the taffeta, which may be rose, cerise, green, white, blue, as you will.

3. A silver handle ring on top of a golden ebony stick.



## AS IN PARIS—

The smart women of New York are now wearing velvet hats.

This short back poke with bag to match is new—and distinctly popular.



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The mastery which Mme. Rubinstein of 255 Rue Saint Honoré, Paris, 24 Grafton St., London, W., and 15 East Forty-ninth St., New York, has brought to bear upon the fascinating art and science of making and holding captive woman's beauty is without parallel in the history of woman's endeavor to remain true to Nature's finest promptings.

At her Maison de Beauté Valaze in New York—as at her Paris and London establishments, under the care of expert assistants, wrinkles and crow's feet vanish, coarseness of skin, double chins, looseness of tissues and relaxation of muscles, puffiness under the eyes, blackheads, enlarged open pores, weather-beaten appearance and other imperfections of the complexion give way to charm and sweetness of aspect.

Treatments at the New York establishment may be arranged now—or if unable to call, you may consult the following descriptive remarks with a view to home treatment.

### NORMAL SKINS

Valaze, *Beauté* and *Beauté* treatments, without the use of cosmetics, will give women radiant, healthy and beautiful appearance. Price \$1.50 and \$2.00 a tin.

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Exposure to the wind and sun, at sea or on land, causes the skin to be, in the tenderest places, red and inflamed, and in the more sensitive places, sunburned and chapped. Valaze *Sun and Windproof Balm* is an excellent skin protectant. Price \$1.50 and \$2.00 a tin.

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When the muscles and tissues are becoming flabby and loose, immediate steps should be taken to remedy the defect. I have tried many of the preparations, but I have been able to see a rapid improvement in my skin. Price \$1.50 and \$2.00 a tin.

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The smooth skin necessary for modern Decollete dress may be safely and conveniently acquired with

## Evans's Depilatory

This soft powder, applied now and then, keeps the skin free from hair without the slightest risk. It will not remove hair permanently—this cannot be done safely.

50c for complete outfit, including mixing dish, spoon and powder. For sale at most drug and department stores, or from us by mail. Money back if you want it.

George B. Evans  
1106 Chestnut St.  
Philadelphia Pa.  
Makers of "Mum"



## "Mum"

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takes all the odor out of perspiration and prevents hot weather embarrassment. A summertime necessity—a year-round comfort, especially to women.

Applied in a minute. Harmless to skin and clothing.

25c—sold by 9 out of 10 drug- and department-stores.

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A sanitary, colorless liquid now being used by women everywhere

While absolutely necessary for the wearing of sleeveless gowns and sheer blouses, women remove the hair from their underarms as much for comfort and cleanliness as to meet the dictates of fashion.

El Rado is easily applied with a piece of absorbent cotton or small sponge. The sanitary liquid first dissolves the hair—then it is washed off. Absolutely harmless, and does not increase or coarsen later hair growth. Money-back guarantee.

At all toilet counters, 50c and \$1.00

If you prefer, we will fill your order by mail if you write enclosing stamps or coin.

Pilgrim Mfg. Co., 44 East 28th St., New York

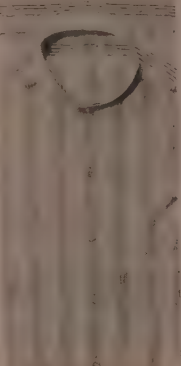


# Men's Summer Accessories

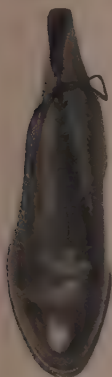
A letter addressed to our Shopping Department will bring you the names and addresses of the shops where these articles are sold. Should it not be convenient for you to purchase them yourself, our Shopping Department will gladly buy them for you at no extra cost.



Crêpe materials are very popular for Summer Shirts. This one is Tokio Crêpe in a novel striped effect. (Left.)



A well-known maker of high-class shirts predicts the ascendancy of the stiff cuff for everyday wear, and shows this madras one to prove his word. (Right.)



A sports shoe with a white sole and a white leather shoe. \$10.00.



A walking boot made on an English last. \$7.50.



A winged tipped Oxford shoe. \$10.00.

## This Summer's Favorite



© Ira L. Hill

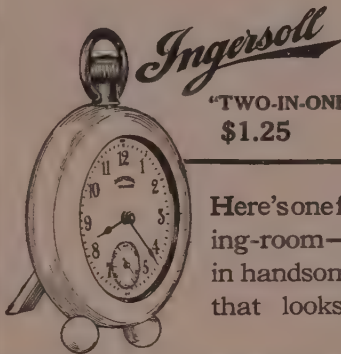
Miss Eleanor Pointer was one of the first to vote for Palm Beach cloth. As she says, "Who would ever have seen that looks too warm, in the serge that soils too easily, or taffeta that wrinkles

too much—when we have Palm Beach cloth. Light, cool, uncrushable—I mean to have several costumes of it in some of the different and lovely designs that are a feature of this perfect material."

## On the Stage

Ingersoll Watches, like Ford Automobiles, sometimes get hard "knocks"; but then, they're made to stand hard knocks!

*The Man Behind the Counter*



"TWO-IN-ONE"  
\$1.25

Here's one for your dressing-room—an Ingersoll in handsome white case that looks like ivory.



## The Season's Success La Bohème Talcum

75c.

Extract \$4.00; Toilet Water \$3.00;  
Face Powder \$1.50; Sachet \$1.50.

Send seven-five cents to Vioandou (Dept. U., Times Build-  
ing, N. Y.), for a generous sample of La Bohème Extract.

ARLY

Paris



## Read What The Stars Say!

**N**ETS! Nets! Purse-ensnaring nets! Wherever one goes in the shops a search for fluffy hot weather frocks one is greeted with a fascinating and diverse array of white wash nets. It is quite marvellous the variety attained for them by the different combinations in their make-up of ribbon, embroidery, tuckings, shirrings and plaitings.

Bachelors, young and old, who up to now have wilfully evaded their proper destinies, will probably, on consulting the summer horoscope, be told something like this.

Look out for July! It will be a dangerous month for you. Astrologers predict it as a time in which you should act with extreme caution if you are to remain careless and heartfree.

The planets give warning that a mysterious something which seems to take the shape of a vast white net is hovering over you threatening peril.

Owing to the peculiar conjunction of the stars during leap year this warning should be doubly heeded. Uranus and Saturn are adverse. The influences tend toward flirtations, fascinations, serious entanglements, rings, altars, etc.

If you are to avoid being caught as fish in the net—beware especially the fatal charms of the following:

Any small, medium-sized, or tall blonde—all brunettes ditto—wearing a frock of white wash net with triply ruffled skirt heavily corded at the edge (*Cf. diagram*). The central portion of the frock may be in a rose net or it may be in a Copenhagen blue. The blondes will probably wear rose and the brunettes the blue, but do not become confused and be taken off your guard if the procedure should be reversed. There are fatal brunettes in rose and fatal blondes in blue. Black velvet ribbon will be threaded through the collars and cuffs.

Any small, medium-sized or tall brunette—all blondes ditto—wearing a frock of white net the skirt trimmed with different widths of white satin ribbon, the bodice round-necked with shirred frill and beguiling little puffed sleeves (*consult chart*). You will signal this frock at a distance in a crowd by its French posy of red and blue.

Finally—and this is the Joker:

All blondes, brunettes, of whatsoever size, shape or previous condition of servitude wearing *not* net but organdie dresses (*study diagrams carefully*) in one-piece colorings, tucked or tabbed, puffed sleeves enter here again and fichus, will cause trouble.

If you are to be a successful "summer girl," the planets say you must own an organdie. A pale blue one is tucked and panniered and its fichu and sleeves edged with finely scalloped net.

A white wash net whose center portion is of rose net (it may be of copenhagen also) joined by appliqued embroidery. Black velvet ribbon is threaded through eyelets on the collars and cuffs.



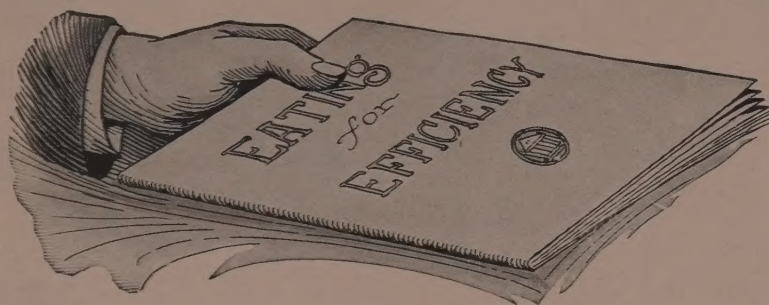
A white net that proves what an ensnaring concoction can be made of simple shirrings and tuckings and rows of white satin ribbon in combination. A blue and red posy against the white shows the frock full of the best French patriotism.



Another organdie of quaintness and distinction in a deep old rose with a purplish cast to it, quite a wonderful dye for an organdie to take. Innumerable little tabs of the material ornament the skirt and an old blue velvet ribbon bands the waist.

A "special" in white net from one of the large shops, special in materials and cut, special above all in price. Your net is embroidered and then you may choose whether you will have the taffeta ribbon with which it is made up in white, pink, blue, yellow or Nile green.





## Diet and Health

If you want to keep well—up to the top notch—strong, healthy, efficient—then you must know how to eat.

The body is a machine. It demands certain quantities and qualities and only under favorable conditions will the body do its most efficient work.

This book is a condensed set of health rules—every one of which may be easily followed at home. It tells how the Battle Creek Diet System has been built through years of exhaustive scientific research. It will give you a new idea of life and its possibilities.

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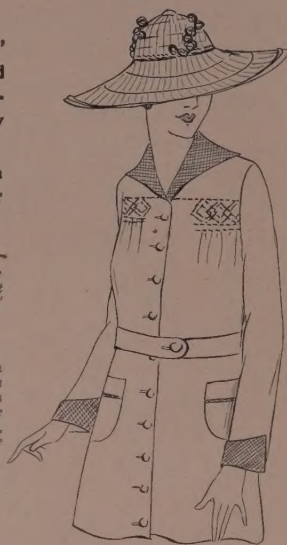
## To Lift the Ban of Commonplaceness

As an antithesis to her professional "gowns," an actress often chooses a well cut skirt and soft blouse for her favorite private costume—especially in Summer when the tubbable variety are so practical and charming.

Here are a few that will be worn this season at the lovely country homes of some of our favorite stars.

"Come into the Garden," says this white dimity smock whose collar, cuffs, pocket trimmings and odd smocking rival the skies' blueness. \$5.95.

Patient fingers wove natural-colored Mexican grass into this charming hat and included a strand or two dyed navy blue, just to form a band for the crown and a flange for the brim. Straw flowers in bold, bright contrasts, match the quaintness of its Chinese crêpe facing. \$13.50.



A purple split straw brim is topped with a white peanut straw crown and faced with that same modish material. \$6.50.



### Below

It takes five large sized pearl buttons to trim the long pocket tabs of this "sporty" skirt of maize Bedford Piqué. \$5.75.

Like seasoning to the sauce, a banding of blue striped pongée spices the color flatness of a natural pongée blouse. \$5.75.

The dried brown grass of which this hat is woven revived the color of its lost youth by green stitchings on its brim's edge and a green faillie ribbon run through the lattice work on the side of the crown, ending in a gallant little Irish "cocarde." \$6.75.



The daintiest and sheeriest of white handkerchief linen blouses is hand-embroidered and has lacy inserts of the Old-Fashioned fagotting, another popular revival. The odd cuffs have turn-back points. \$6.75.

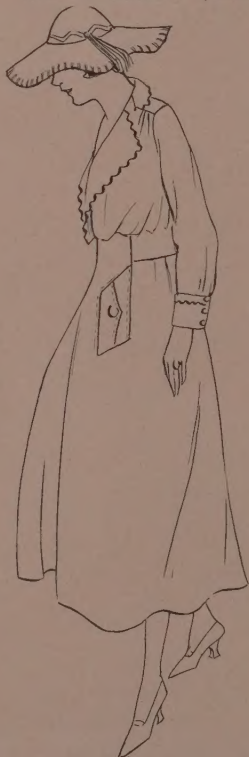
Being of a divided opinion as to which was the proper direction to take, the belt of this white gabardine skirt took two. Of course the pocket trimming could take sides with neither, so it took the directions of both. \$5.75.

### Below

"A stitch in time" was taken all around the edge of this white peanut straw hat, in white Chenille. \$9.50.

Like the "rick-rack" braid of a generation ago, is the blue handkerchief linen cording attached to this filmy white Georgette crêpe blouse. \$10.00.

A white satin skirt which is really not as extravagant as it sounds, since the material is washable. \$11.90.



## Summer Furs Some 're Capes

The semblance of insubstantiality in its grey Georgette trimmings is balanced by its moleskin substantiality. The ermine tails are its last irresistible touch.



A Bishop collar of natural black muskrat not only serves as an effective foil for a shapely white throat, but it stands far enough away from one's neck to be comfortable even on a warm day. \$59.50.

It may be because Summer evenings are sometimes chilly, or it may be just because—which is reason enough for any woman—but furs for Summer wear have hit a high spot in the Mode.

You may choose a lovely long silky fox, or your taste might run to those fascinating little capes and collarettes furriers are now making to tempt us from the path of convention, but a Summer fur you MUST have, and what's more, last winter's scarf can't fill the bill.

It is hard to tell just where the line of distinction between Summer

and Winter furs might be drawn, but it exists nevertheless.

Perhaps the warm weather pelts are softer, moleskin, ermine, seal and fox being much worn and general favorites, but here and there one sees charming stoles or smart collars of mink or kolinsky just to prove the inconsistency of any rule applying to women's fashions.

A very popular star just bought one of the exquisite little capes shown here, so we asked her to select a few more for us to show you that her reputation for good-taste in dressing is well earned.



Before the ermine sheds those little black hairs he wears in the summer, he is just the color to trim a frivolous cape of bisque crêpe. A cross-cross stole of the fur holds this gay little affair in place. \$45.00.



An ermine collarette would have met with a scalloped end had it not joined forces with a moleskin cape which lengthened its career. It's white crêpe de chine tie-strings have moleskin ornaments. \$32.50.



A most obliging fox can either be worn cape fashion or snapped together and worn as a stole. And no matter which way you choose, it fastens with a velvet cording weighted with beaded tassels. \$68.00.



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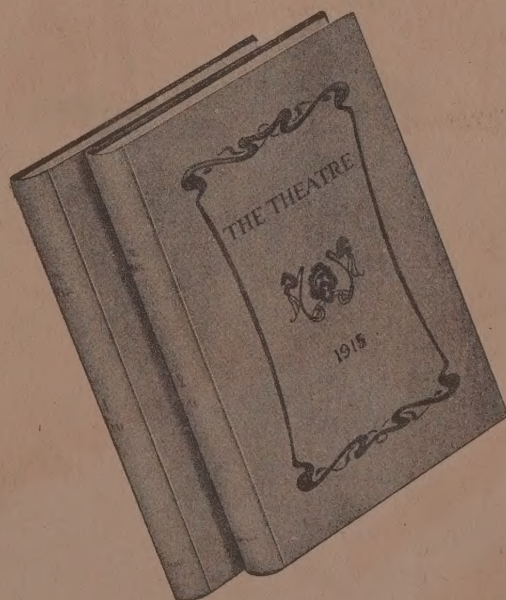
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